

An Island Paradise

AND

Reminiscences of Travel

H. SPENCER HOWELL

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TO

SIR JAMES MACBAIN, K.C.M.G.,

PRESIDENT OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF VICTORIA,
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PREFACE.

IN the autumn, of '91, when in Australia (though, by the way, it was spring there), I made plans for a journey through Syria. My object was to cross the desert to Palmyra — nearly 200 miles east from Damascus—to see the ruins of 'Zenobia's beloved city,' which still testify to the magnificence of the oriental rival of ancient Rome. Everything necessary for the trip, by land and sea, was ready; and in the meantime I was reading every available book which, in any way, referred to the past glories or present condition of this 'Tadmor in the Wilderness,—from Gibbon's *Roman Empire* to Porter's *Giant Cities;* and I was hoping to have the pleasure of meditating, in the shade of the colossal remains of the Palace of the Sun, upon the life and times of the valiant 'Queen of the East,'

But a tedious illness upset my plans, and I returned to Canada by way of the Pacific; breaking the journey by staying over for a few weeks at Honolulu, the capital of the Hawaiian Islands. Taking advantage of this visit to

the 'Paradise of the Pacific,' I spent a week on a trip to the volcano-country of Hawaii; and, while there, made the descent into the active crater of Kilauea — Halé-mau-mau. The latter adventure was a foolhardy undertaking, but the experience gained furnished me with the subject of a paper which I read, in January of the present year, before the Canadian Institute; this paper I have enlarged upon—adding a description of the Islands of to-day, with a short historical sketch, and a few anecdotes relating to the natives — with whose home-life I became particularly conversant. The 'Reminiscences,' which succeed the chapters on Hawaii, are chiefly, collated from letters which I contributed to various newspapers, while on a voyage round—or rather, twice round —the world. Whenever, in my reading, I have come across anything which I considered to be of interest to the general reader, I have inserted the extract, or note,—copious though it be—and have carefully certified it, to ensure accuracy, by quoting either the name of the author or of the book from which I derived my information. It has been said that a successful writer either must have something new to tell, or must go over

'old ground' in a new way, so as to make his book interesting, amusing, or instructive—or all three; if he be a traveller, let him sink his own identity as much as possible; but, above all, let him write boldly—yet with due consideration for the edicts of good taste.

H. S. H.

Stonyhurst, Galt,
August, 1892.

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The real use of travelling to distant countries, and of studying the annals of past times, is to preserve men from the contraction of mind which those can hardly escape whose whole communion is with one generation, and in one neighbourhood; who arrive at conclusions by means of an induction not sufficiently copious, and who therefore constantly confound exceptions with rules, and accidents with essential properties.—*Lord Macaulay.*

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

CHAPTER I.

Discovery of the Islands—History—Captain Cook—Kamehameha—The Natives—Dress, Language and Customs—*Tapa*, *Kava*, *Tabu*, and the *Hula-Hula*—Religion—Climate—Statistics.

THE Hawaiian group is situated in the North Pacific Ocean; lying between the 18th and 23rd parellels of N. latitude, and extending from 155° to 161° W. longitude; and is therefore, just within the tropics. There are eight principal islands: Hawaii, with an area of 4,210 square miles; Maui, 760; Oahu, 600; Kauai, 590; Molokai, 270; Lanai, 150; Niihau, 97; and Kahoolawe, 63. The last named is uninhabited; and there are four small islets, one of which (Molokini) is an extinct volcano with one side of the crater open to the sea—showing either subsidence or denudation.

Most people are under the impression that Captain Cook discovered these islands, and many books chronicle the error—for an error it is; they were discovered by Gaetano, an early Spanish

navigator, in the year 1542; and the chart drawn by Mendana in 1567 gives a very nearly accurate position to the group—absolutely correct in regard to Kauai. There is a tradition among the natives that two vessels from Spain were wrecked on the large island (Ow-hy-hee) about 1527, in the reign of Kealiiokaloa, a king of Hawaii; that the ship-wrecked mariners, being compelled to remain there, intermarried with the natives, and that to this day their descendants can be distinguished by their lighter complexion and by many of their words which have an unmistakably Spanish derivation. (This legend, I may say, finds great favour with the native Hawaiians!) Cook was here in 1778, and again in 1779; and he gave the name of the 'Sandwich' Islands, in honour of his friend, the Earl of Sandwich. In 1791 Kamehameha, chief of Hawaii, succeeded in conquering the entire archipelago and became the first King of the Eight Isles; and a "kingdom" it has been ever since. The population at the time of Cook's visit was supposed to be 400,000 (300,000 would have been nearer the truth); now it is only 95,000, and but one half of these are native Hawaiians! There are 40,000 natives, and 5,000 half-castes;

18,000 Chinese; 12,000 Japanese; 12,000 Portugese; 3,000 native-born, but of foreign parents; 3,000 Americans; 1,200 British; and a few hundred Norwegians, French, and Germans.

No finer climate can be found in any part of the world; it is as salubrious as that of Madeira, and its evenness is the delight of those who come here for pleasure or to benefit their health. The tropical heat is so tempered by the sea breezes —the soft trade winds—that the greatest degree of heat at Honolulu during the past ten or twelve years was 90° in the shade, while the lowest was 54°; the average being 75°. The daily range of the thermometer is but 12°. Of course it is hot, in the sun, in the middle of the day; but the mornings and the evenings are delightful!

Coffee, rice, tobacco, bananas and pineapples are grown in great quantities; all sorts of citrous fruits abound, and the cocoa-palm grows to perfection; I am told that the coffee from the district of Kona, in Hawaii, brings the highest price in San Francisco and in London. But sugar is the chief product; last year (1890) the export was 227,530,131lbs; and the capital invested amounts to $28,920,990. "On the island of Maui there

is a plantation containing 12,000 acres of growing sugar cane, and a mill capable of manufacturing 100 to 120 tons of sugar per day!"

The Hawaiians of the present day are a fine looking race; tall, well-built, handsome men and women; the colour of their complexion has been said to resemble that of the kernel of a walnut, but I think this must refer to the *black* walnut, for it is certainly a shade or two darker! They have large, brown eyes, and their hair is long, black and straight—not curly; their features are peculiar to Polynesians: the nose is not flat, while the lips are but slightly fuller than ours; they have high cheek bones and broad foreheads. Nothing can exceed the queenly bearing and graceful carriage of the young Hawaiian women; each one walks like a veritable princess. The costume now worn by the native ladies is something like the gown called a 'Mother Hubbard'—a long, loose garment flowing from the throat; but when they ride on horseback they wear the *pau*,—which is a divided skirt, wide at the bottom and fringed along the edges,—as they ride on Mexican saddles, astride of the horse! (We saw many English and American ladies, in Honolulu, riding in the same

way; it looked more odd than graceful!) They are always particularly neat and tidy, and their dresses are kept spotlessly clean; I never saw a slovenly young woman during my visit, and I seldom saw one who was not decorated with *leis* of flowers. These '*leis*'—or flower-wreaths—are worn round the neck and hat, and add to the picturesque appearance of the *wahines*; many of them wear feather-wreaths round the hat, made from peacock's or pheasant's feathers, in a band, two or three inches wide, and the bright green and old-gold make a pleasing contrast to the white *holukus* (gowns), the orange-coloured *leis* and the olive-brown faces! And what happy, smiling faces they have; we may look in vain for the hard, critical, angular faces which go to make up the majority in an European crowd. The Hawaiians are not by any means free from guile, but envy, hatred, malice and uncharitableness are almost unknown among these simple people; and in the past, even their battles were always fought in the open,—there were no night attacks, no ambushes, no stabbing in the dark. Three of the ancient usages, which have come down with them through the ages, are: the universal habit of decorating

with *leis*, the *hula-hula*, and, *kava* drinking. The last is one of the abominable customs which some of the natives still cling to; they gather the *kàva* (or *awa*) root and chew it into a pulp, the juice *thus extracted* is put in little bowls, and——but there is no need to say more, except that the effect on the native is something like that which might be produced by taking opium and whiskey! It is the old women who are most addicted to this revolting habit; a *kava*-drinker can always be told by the blood-shot eyes. The *hula-hula* is the old national dance, of which there are several degrees of rank (or rather "rankness"!) I have seen a few of these; but, to use a stereotyped phrase, they can hardly be imagined much less described! The natives nearly all speak good English, which is taught in their schools and colleges; but their own tongue is the pleasanter to the ear—it is so harmonious, like "a language without a backbone," as Miss Bird, the eminent traveller, says. Except when European words are written they use only 12 letters: a, e, i, o, u, h, k, l, m, n, p, and w; but they sometimes change the spelling from the old way to the new—using t in place of k, b in place of p, and r in place

of l (as *taro* instead of *kalo*, and *tabu* instead of *kapu*).

It was the missionaries who introduced letters and spelling, and they found great difficulty in arranging the orthography of the Polynesian language; because "the natives cannot pronounce two consonants, without an intervening vowel; nor a word terminating with a consonant, without either dropping the final letter, or adding a vowel." The a has the sound of *ah*, e is like *a*, and i is like *e*,—as in the French language; and every letter is pronounced. The word they use on all occasions to convey good wishes is '*aloha*'; it means Love; but it also takes the place of of our 'good-morning,' 'good-night,' 'good-bye,' 'kind regards,' etc.

Taking into consideration the fact that their traditions have been handed down, verbally, from father to son, from chief to chief—or chiefess, it is remarkable that they have been able to preserve so much of the history of their ancestors, —their legends dating back to "late in the twelfth or early in the eleventh century, when the Hawaiians were aroused from their dream of more than four centuries by the arrival of a party

of adventurers from the southern islands, probably from the Society group." It is evident that there was a belief that the Islands—at least Hawaii and Maui—were occupied as early as the 6th century! From the year 1095 (this is approximate—giving so many years to each ruler) to the present day there has been an unbroken line of sovereigns of Hawaii! It is almost certain that the race was originally Asiatic; but the date of their first appearance here and the primary source of their religion are mysteries which will likely remain unsolved forever. The religion of the Hawaiians was a system of idolatry based upon certain *meles*, or song-stories, which had been handed down from generation to generation, and preserved by the priests who met at the *heiaus* (sacred temples) and recited—the older to the younger—the 'articles of belief,' the traditions of church and state.

"But," says the late king in his book on *The Legends and Myths of Hawaii*, "how did the Hawaiian priesthood become possessed of the story of the Hebrew genesis? It was old to them when one or more chance parties of Spanish sailors, in the 16th century, may have looked in

upon them for a moment, while on their way to the Spice Islands; and it was probably old to them when the Hawaiians found their present home, in the 6th century, and when the Polynesians left the shores of Asia, four hundred years earlier. It was engrafted without consistency upon the Jewish story of the creation, the fall of man, the revolt of Lucifer, and the repopulation of the earth."

They worshipped many gods: deities who presided over the elements, the volcanic deities, gods of the arts and industries, and those who held sway in the realms of death; but above all were the great Trinity—"Kana the organizer, Ku the architect and builder, and Lono the executor." The *tabu* was the dread law which held the whole nation in servile bondage; it meant 'sacred,' and when a house, a district or even an island was placed under *tabu*, no one was permitted to approach it, no work was allowed to be undertaken, and fowls and animals were put under cover so that no noise might be heard; certain parts of the beach were reserved for the king, and the common people who walked on the 'king's ground' were punished with death; if a woman ate a banana

or if she ate in the presence of her husband, she met the same fate; the banana was a *tabued* fruit and so were certain kinds of fish—set apart for the chiefs and the priests. During *tabu* season no fires were lighted, not a canoe launched and no person was to be seen out of doors! And yet with all this terrible oppression—for the priests and sacred chiefs made the best (or worst) of the *tabu*—the Hawaiian of a hundred years ago was a much finer specimen of humanity than the native of to-day; it is strange that natives of tropical countries can not stand civilization; they seem to thrive only under the iron laws of despotism, and the advent of store-clothes and responsible government are but the precursors of national declination and final extinction. No kinder hearted, more hospitable people can be found than these islanders; but they are indolent, improvident and careless in many ways; the once proud spirit that throbbed in every heart-beat of the nation now finds comfort in transactions of small trade, or takes an interest in things official or in matters entirely extra-insular; the land of Kamehamehas is fast drifting, I am afraid, towards annexation to some foreign power.

Nearly all the hard labour is done by the Chinese and the Japanese; the natives confining themselves to fruit-growing, fishing, cattle-ranching, and work connected with the shipping.

Divorces are very frequent among the Hawaiians; it seems to be as easy for a *kanaka* to get a divorce from his wife as to get a mortgage on his goods and chattels. The native love-story winds up in a different way from ours: "And so they were married, were content for a while, then they were divorced and lived happily ever afterwards!"

But during the three centuries preceding the Confederation, the history of the islands is one long story of romance, warfare, and religion; a story of a noble race, of brave men and gentle, loving women. Quoting from the volume previously referred to: "As the mind reverts to the past of the Hawaiian group, and dwells for a moment upon the shadowy history of its people, mighty forms rise and disappear—men of the stature of eight or nine feet, crowned with helmets of feathers, and bearing spears thirty feet in length. Such men were Kiha and Liloa, and Umi, and Lono, all kings of Hawaii during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and little less in

bulk and none the less in valour was the great Kamehameha, who conquered and consolidated the several islands under one government, and died as late as 1819. And, glancing still farther backward through the centuries, we behold adventurous chiefs, in barges and double canoes a hundred feet in length, making the journey between the Hawaiian and more southern groups, guided only by the sun and stars. Later we see battles, with dusky thousands in line. The warriors are armed with spears, slings, clubs, battle-axes, javelins, and knives of wood or ivory. They have neither bows nor shields. They either catch with their hands, or ward with their own the weapons that are thrown. . . . Far back in the past we see the beautiful Hina abducted from her Hawaiian husband by a prince of Molokai, and kept a prisoner in the fortress of Haupu until her sons grow to manhood, when she is rescued at the end of an assault which leaves the last of her defenders dead. We see eight hundred helmeted chiefs of the king of Hawaii, all of noble blood, hurling themselves to destruction against the spears of the army of Maui, on the plains of Wailuku. And then, less than a generation after,



IOLANI PALACE, HONOLULU.

Kamehameha is seen in the last battle of the conquest, when, at the head of sixteen thousand warriors, he sweeps the Oahuan army over the precipice of Nuuanu, and becomes the master of the archipelago. Finally we behold Kekuaokalani, the last defender in arms of the Hawaiian gods and temples, trampling upon the edict of the king against the worship of his fathers, and dying, with his faithful wife, Manona, on the field of Kuamoo. In the midst of these scenes of blood the eye rests with relief upon numerous episodes of love, friendship, and self-sacrifice, touching with a softening colour the rudy canvas of the past."

And so the tale runs on,—much the same as it is, was and ever will be, all the world over; with men of all creeds and colours two great factors influence their lives, for better or for worse,—Ambition and Affection!

In days gone by the costume of the native was either a 'grass-skirt' or a short dress made of *tapa*; this *tapa* is a sort of paper-cloth made from the inner bark of the mulberry-tree; after the bark has been soaked in water it is beaten with a wooden mallet, the sides of which are grooved,

and when it is hammered to the proper width and texture it is dyed and stamped with a pattern that has been cut on strips of bamboo, these strips they dip in the paint and press, with their fingers, on the *tapa*. It is very hard to obtain a good specimen of this work now, and it is getting scarcer every year; but I was fortunate in securing a complete dress from a native of the island of Molokai. They say that the manners and dress of the natives on the island of Niihau are still very primitive; while all of the lower classes are more or less superstitious. "The native superstition is very great," says Mrs. Grant, in *Scenes in Hawaii*, "but there is one thing which—one must say so from personal experience — is most extraordinary, and I can imagine that some of my readers will scarcely credit what I have to tell. As the death of a high chief approaches, a swarm of tiny red fish invariably come about the harbour of Honolulu or his birthplace. At no other time do they appear. During our stay in the islands the three last great chiefs of the line of Kamehameha died, and each time, just before the death, did the swarm of fish come, reddening the waters till they

looked like blood! The first to die was Princess Ruth. . . . Mrs. Panhahi Bishop was the next to follow; she was a half-white, but on her mother's side was a direct descendant of Kamehameha I. Mrs. Bishop's death was almost unexpected, but the deadly swarm of red fish came into the harbour, again the herald of disaster. The last death was indeed a grievous calamity, for with Queen Emma expired the last of her race. . . . She died very suddenly, indeed without warning almost, and this time the red fish made their appearance at Kona on Hawaii, where much of Queen Emma's early youth was spent; the natives there being terribly frightened, not knowing what had befallen, until the mail from Honolulu brought the sad news."

Although Christianity is the general religion of the people, yet there are many natives who still venerate—not to say worship—the gods of their forefathers, and one in particular, *Pele*, the goddess of volcanoes; and can we wonder at it, surrounded as they have been by these mysterious earth-fires—the cause of which is a question that baffles the men of science of to-day? Had I been an Hawaiian, living in the last century, I

would have been one of the most devout worshippers at the shrine of the beautiful divinity; for I have knelt beside her fiery throne,—the wondrous crater of Kilauea! To this day natives offer sacrifices in the way of white pigs, fowls, fruit, etc., which they cast into the crater of the volcano. In 1887 the Princess Liki-Liki 'prayed' or starved herself to death to propitiate the "dread goddess," and thus to prevent an earthquake—or lava-flow! "It is most likely that the sorcerers effected this sacrifice of the accomplished princess by craft and cruelty. By a singular coincidence, when her death was announced, the eruption (of Mauna Loa) ceased; thus confirming the people in their old belief." *

There is a general idea that the natives of the 'Sandwich Islands' were cannibals; but they were not. It is said that they ate Cook's body; but, as there were none of the officers or crew on shore after his death, and as the inhabitants of Ow-hy-hee had always shown the greatest repugnance to cannibalism, the story may be set down as a 'sailor's yarn,' like many others that were circulated when these vessels returned home.

* *Volcanoes and Earthquakes.* Kneeland.

From very old natives who are now living, and who have conversed with those who were on the spot at the time, we learn that the flesh was stripped from the bones, (the highest compliment, according to the prevailing custom), some parts of it being given to the chiefs and other portions burned; only a few of the bones were sent back to the ship, the remainder were hidden in one of the *heiaus*. Although the Hawaiians never practised the horrible habit, cannibalism was common among a band of savages who came from one of the south sea islands, and established themselves, for a few years, in the mountain districts of Kauai and on the northern shores of Oahu. In appearance they were darker than the natives of the islands, their language was different and they worshipped other gods. For a time they were permitted to remain unmolested; until the Hawaiians, finding they were man-eaters, made war upon them and drove the foreigners from island to island, till, finally, the 'consumers of home production,' were forced to set sail for the place from whence they came—the unknown land. Thus came and went the first and the last of the cannibals.

Kamehameha I. was born at Kokoike, N. Kohala, in Hawaii, in 1736; the name of this chief means 'the lonely one,' owing to the hermit-like mode of his earlier life. He was the bravest of all the brave warriors, a sagacious ruler, but intensely superstitious; he was just what the natives needed at that time—a wise autocrat, one whose confidence in himself inspired confidence in others. In 1819, in the reign of Liholiho, the people renounced the ancient religion, the temples were destroyed and the gods (images) were broken or burned; many of the priests were killed, and those who took up arms in support of the *heiaus*, were put to flight. The first missionaries arrived on the 4th of April of the same year; and they found the people actually *wanting a new religion!* They made the best of a grand opportunity: there was but little opposition and no persecution; everything seemed to be arranged to make their task comparatively easy.

In 1844 the Independence of the Hawaiian Islands was acknowledged. On two occasions these Islands were seized and held for a short time, —once by the British, and once by the French; but both countries acknowledged that the act

was done in error, and an apology was tendered the Hawaiian government. In 1855, when certain Americans in Honolulu were endeavouring to bring about annexation to the United States, the Consuls of Great Britain and France sent an official communication to the King, remonstrating against these proceedings; in which the following clause appears: "Therefore, we declare in the name of our Governments, that any attempt to annex the Sandwich Islands to any foreign power, whatever, would be in contravention of existing Treaties, and could not be looked upon with indifference by either the British or the French Government,"

King Kalakaua began to reign in 1874, and died in 1890: and his elder sister, Lilioukalani, is the present Queen; the heir to the throne is the Princess Victoria—Kawekiu—Kaiulani—Lunalilo—Kalaninuiahilapalapa.

CHAPTER II.

Honolulu—Beautiful Streets and Handsome Buildings—Kamehameha Schools, and Museum—*Kahilis*, and the *Mamo*—Kapiolani Park—Royal Hawaiian Band—Hawaiian Hotel—The *Pali*—The *Pau**—Waikiki—A *Luau*—*Leis*—*Poi*—*Ohelos*—and *Ohias*—A Dance in the *Lanai*.

HONOLULU, the capital of the kingdom, is situated on the Island of Oahu, and has a population of about 25,000. Here are the Parliament Houses, Royal Iolani Palace and other government buildings; tram-cars run on all the principal streets, and there is a short line of railway running out to Pearl Harbour, seven miles away. There is a very complete telephone service in the city; the streets are lighted by electricity, and are macadamized with lava and coral-stone; the sidewalks on the main streets are paved with stone, while the country roads are perfections of smoothness and cleanliness. No one who has seen Honolulu can ever forget these beautiful streets: the magnificent rows of cocoa, sago and royal palms; the overhanging tamarinds and 'prides of India' with their scarlet crests; the stately breadfruit trees and *lauhalas;* and then the splendid road-

* Prononnced.—Pah-oo.

ways, pretty ornamental gardens and Anglo-Indian style of house architecture—all combining to form a picture of extreme loveliness! The Queen's Palace—which cost over $500,000—stands in a small park, ten acres in extent, in which there are many varieties of palms and cocoa-trees, ferns and cacti. Not far from the Palace is Queen Emma's Hospital, in front of which are two avenues—one is shaded by rows of date-palms and the other bordered by magnificent royal palms. All the public buildings are substantial in appearance and are furnished with the latest improvements,—the Free Library, Reading-room, Y.M.C.A. Building, Post-Office, Banks, Opera House, Asylum, etc. There are many native churches (Congregational), and one Episcopal Cathedral—the ornamental stone-work of which was brought from England; the Roman Catholic church is, of course, noted for the fine decoration of its interior. Besides these there are Adventist and Mormon churches, and a Chinese Joss House. The Museum at the Kamehamehan Schools contains the finest collection of Polynesian curiosities in the world. There are quantities of *tapa*, calabash ornaments, *poi* bowls, idols, etc.; but the 'gods' are fewer in number than

might be expected in this land of superstition. In one room we saw some of the ancient feather-cloaks, or *mamos*,—so called from the name of a bird once found in these islands; this bird had two bright yellow feathers under its wings, so it may be imagined how much time and trouble would be taken in procuring birds to furnish feathers sufficient for a war-cloak four feet wide and eleven feet long! Such was the *mamo* of Kamehameha I., and it 'occupied nine generations of kings in the fabrication.' Here, too, were many *kahilis;* these are long poles on the tops of which are bunches of feathers of different colours, looking something like enormous brushes or feather-dusters. They were the insignia of royalty, or chieftainship; and were carried, as banners, in processions, funerals, and on all state occasions. Some of the calabashes (large wooden bowls), once belonging to the chiefs of Hawaii, were ornamented with the teeth of their slain enemies! The handle of one *kahili* was a leg bone of a rebel chief who had been killed by one of the royal princes! There is a splendid collection of weapons and ancient household utensils, and some curious necklaces. On each side of the main

entrance stands a gigantic *papa-hee-nalu* or surf-board.

Kapiolani park is one of the favourite resorts of the people; it contains two hundred acres, laid out very prettily in walks and drives, with little lakes and rivulets, which are covered with Hawaiian water-lilies, and spanned by rustic bridges; and millions of gold-fish can be seen swimming about in the shallow water. Here, once a week, the Hawaiian Band plays in the evening; and it was delightful to sit on the river bank, in the glorious 'purple night,' watching the flickering lights reflected on the surface of the stream, and listening to the charming music or native *meles*; while now and then little lime-lights would flash for a moment and change the shade of everything to red or green; and through the *hau* tree branches the 'misty-wing' flitted about and sang her even-song. Then the pleasant drive home, along the Waikiki Road, past the Old Plantation and the Palace grounds. The Royal Hawaiian Band is composed of first-class musicians, under the leadership of Professor Heri Berger, a Prussian; it numbers about forty pieces, and, not long ago, they won the first

prize at San Francisco—competing against some of the best bands in the United States! They are familiar with all the best music, clasical, orchestral, operatic, and dance music, as well as with the native airs; their playing is really exquisite. I have heard the leading bands in Europe and America, but this Hawaiian band pleased me better than any of them; and their singing is fascinating. Once a week they play in Emma Square, and on the night of the arrival of a steamer they give a performance in front of the Hawaiian Hotel; there is a large garden here, with many palm-trees, algarobas and tamarinds; on the trunks of these trees are placed little electric-lights—perhaps twenty or thirty,—and on concert nights the place looks very brilliant; whilst to the beauty of the scene are added the bright dresses and flower-wreaths of the natives! The hotel is a large building, erected in 1872 costing the government about $125,000; there are double verandahs at the front and back, and a tower from which a good view is obtained of the sea on one side and the mountains on the other. The servants were all Chinese, even the chamber*maid* was a Chinaman! It was amusing

to hear how my baggage came through the customs 'quite flee.' (It was not the only thing that was 'quite flea' about the place!) Our bedrooms were large and airy, and opened to a verandah which was entirely screened round with mosquito-netting and wire gauze,—a fine spot for a *siesta*, safe from attacks of insects. Unlike American hotels, the table was not overloaded; but what was there was good and well cooked. The billiard-room was in the basement, and at the end of it was the 'bar.' But I did not frequent the latter very much; it is such a temptation to travellers, especially in a warm country, and then *—each drink was twenty-five cents!*

The grandest sight on the island, in the way of scenery, is the *Pali*—an immense precipice to the north of the city. One evening we made up a party to drive out to the *Pali;* so the next morning, when the early sunbeams were straggling through the interlacing branches of the palms and tamarinds, half a dozen individuals of a pronounced sight-seeing type, were partaking of a rather hurried breakfast,—for we wanted to be well on our way while it was yet cool. Punctually at seven o'clock our waggonette dashed up

to the steps, and soon we were bowling along, armed with field-glasses, note-books and cameras. At first we did not know which to admire most: the beautiful scenery, the bright sunshine and exhilarating air, or the gorgeous band of feathers *(lei)* round our Jehu's hat! In and out through the streets we went; past substantial dwellings surrounded by groves of graceful palms, bananas, papayas and *ohias;* past humble cottages, half hidden by the luxuriant growth of plant and vine, where the fences were festooned with clematis and hibiscus; past the stately Houses of Parliament, in front of which stands the great bronze statue of Kamehameha I.; past curiosity shops, adorned with shells, fans, trinkets and weapons of a by-gone generation; past vegetable and fruit stalls, where might be purchased nearly everything that grows under the sun; a glance at the Fish Market, where we see fish of every size and colour —purple, green, blue, black and gold, and all sorts of those unpalatable looking dishes which John Chinaman gets up for sale; then we left the city behind, and drove along a road smooth as a floor, where the giant palms, fifty feet in height, almost met above our heads. On every side

were flowers of all shades and colours, from the glaring Bougainvillea to the delicately tinted passion-flower and thousands of blossoms exhaled their odours in the morning air. At one place we stopped to see the natives making *poi*—to see them pound the *taro* into paste; when the good-natured *Kanaka* got a little cup, wiped it out (with his pocket-hankerchief!) and offered us some *poi* to taste; but we said we had just had our breakfast and declined with thanks. This is the chief article of food in all the islands, and is made from the *taro* root, which is something like a sweet potato, when boiled: the *poi* is made by beating it with mallets into pulp, like very thin dough, salting it and putting it away in pails or barrels to ferment; and it tastes like printer's paste—but very sour!

As we crossed the little bridge we saw two or three native women in the stream below, washing clothes—beating them on smooth, flat stones, and keeping time to the music of a guitar which one of the children on the bank was playing in a lazy sort of way! O! land of sunshine and song, where even the week's washing may not be done without the aid of inspiring melody,

there awaits a small fortune for the inventive genius who will bring forth a washing-tub-and-musical-box combined!

The *Pali* is about six miles from Honolulu, and the road gradually rises to a height of 1,200 feet; after passing through the 'fair Nuuanu' valley we strike into a narrower gorge, where the mountains rise on either side in precipices green with ferns and clinging vines, and where the little white mountain owls soar among the jagged peaks; then the road takes a turn round a great red rock-wall, and we are on the brink of the *Pali.* To the right and left a palisade of broken crags sweeps round to the sea-line, where the white foam washes in among the rocks; before us the mountain breaks off—a perpendicular cliff, and eight hundred or a thousand feet below is a beautiful valley, dotted with cultivated patches, groves of palms, and, here and there, a cottage or farm-house; while far away, beyond the variegated colouring of the landscape, is the Pacific Ocean shining like a sea of silver. "It is like a view of the Promised Land," said one of the party, "nothing could be more beautiful!"



THE PALI. ISLAND OF OAHU.

A narrow, zigzag path winds down the face of the steep precipice, along which we saw some Chinamen riding, their horses laden with bags of rice; while each man had his 'pig-tail' tied over his hat to keep it from being blown away, —the only use I ever saw them make of their precious queues!

This place is of great interest to the Hawaiians, as it was here that Kalani fought his last battle against Kamehameha. It was in the year 1791, when the King of the Eight Isles invaded Oahu, and his fierce warriors drove the poor islanders from their strongholds, till here, in 'Waolani's rock-ribbed pass' they made a final stand; but after many hours of hard fighting Kalani's valiant little army was completely routed, and hundreds of fugitives were hurled over the precipice! "Thus they fought, and then retreated until, of all their thousands arrayed in order of battle at dawn, there were but three hundred chiefs remaining, together with a few hundred wounded warriors from the ranks, though weary and wounded, and hopeless of winning the day, yet still devoted to their young king, with a barbaric love that surpasseth the wish for life or

the love of woman. It was a sight to draw tears from the grey lava rocks round about them to see these gnarled old warriors ever seeking to guard their *Keiki Moi*—the image of the old king—throughout the sickening slaughter of that memorable day."*

We spent an hour or two here, enjoying the refreshing breeze, enraptured with the majestic scenery around, above and below us; and then, after taking some photographs, we returned to the city. On our way back we saw a great many native ladies riding on horseback in their regular way—astride; each of them wore the *pau*, and it was a charming sight to see these soft-eyed, happy-faced girls, with *leis* round their necks, galloping along the fern-borderd roads, their long hair flying in the wind, and their bright coloured costumes rivaling the *ohias* and hibiscus in the hedges on either side! From start to finish our driver entertained us with stories and legends of the place and people, explaining everything to us and giving both the English and native names; such a pleasant spoken, smiling fellow, with the gentle manner so natural

* *Kalani of Oahu.* Newell.

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to the Hawaiians. He actually blushed when he asked us what we thought we ought to pay him! Imagine a blushing cabman!

How different is the state of things here, to-day, to what we, in our youthful days, thought it would be in the 'Sandwich Islands.' Where barbaric tribes held their councils of war, the graceful towers of a royal palace, parliament and public buildings cast their shadows across beautiful lawns or well-paved streets; Christian churches have supplanted the sacrificial *heiaus;* the opera house has (publicly) taken the place of the hula-hula; and where, formerly, the aborigines drew up



WAIKIKI.

their canoes on the beach, great ocean steamers lie alongside substantial wharves and warehouses.

About four miles from the city is Waikiki (Wy-kee-kée), the great bathing resort; where, at nearly all hours of the day, natives and others may be seen sporting in the waves. Dressing-rooms are built along the beach and bathing suits may be rented, but most people prefer having their own,—keeping them at 'Waikiki Villa,' the sea-side branch of the Hawaiian Hotel. There, too, is a toboggan-slide, erected high up on the shore, and running out over the water, where the bathers come down on the 'plank' and shoot far away into the sea. There is a gradual slope of the smooth, sandy beach into the deeper water; and about two hundred yards from shore a coral-reef runs parallel with the coast, just below the surface; this natural barrier keeps the sharks at their distance. It was delightful to rest on the clear, buoyant waters, where but the slightest motion of hands or feet was sufficient to keep afloat; to feel the long "Pacific swell" heave beneath us, and then, as gently, subside, till only the tops of the cocoa-palms were seen; each pulsation bringing us nearer the shore, till at



THE OLD COCOANUT PLANTATION.

length, in lazy listlessness, we roll upon the beach, while the sand-swirls eddy round about our feet. Then, with a shake and a splash we plunge in again, and so the game goes on. Sometimes half a dozen Hawaiian girls would swim past, each with a garland of sea-weed on her head; singing, laughing, and diving, like so many fabled nymphs, or bronzed Ophelias,—'mermaid-like' and decked with 'weedy trophies.' After our swim we would sit under the *lanai* (sheltered verandah or arbour), smoke the soothing cigarette, and watch the cloud pictures beyond the red crater-mountain of Diamond Head. And we often thought of those far away, and wished that they were with us, or could see us, here in this 'Paradise of the Pacific.'

One day we got into conversation with some of the native ladies, and they asked us many questions about Canada, Australia, and 'the coast'—as they always call California; and it is the great ambition of every Hawaiian to see 'the coast.' Before we came away one of them invited us to a '*luau*.' Now we had not the slightest idea what this was,—and thought it might be some new kind of *Kanaka* drink, or a heathenish

hula-hula; but we were informed that a *luau* (pronounced loo-ow) was a native feast. "Come to-morrow night, do, and we'll give you a regular, old-fashioned Hawaiian *luau!*" So we accepted; but not without misgivings as to what we might be expected to eat and drink. The next evening, in company with half-a-dozen guests from the hotel, we drove out to Kapalama. It was a beautiful night; and as we bowled along the smooth roads, past the 'merry-go-round,' the Chinese theatre, and by the sea-shore, we had great fun discussing the prospects of the feast. Mrs. M— declared that she "never, never could eat their *poi*—not even with a spoon;" and her husband told her she might skip that dish if she wished but, she would be expected to take an extra helping of raw fish; while our friend the Californian said he had seen several very old women going out in this direction with bundles of *kava* roots, and that, doubtless, these would be properly masticated for us by this time! But we dreaded lest our hostess, in the goodness of her light heart, might think that a *luau* would be tame without a performance of the sinuous *hula-hula.* "They are sure to spring one on us

before the wind up!" A short turn to the right, then to the left, and our carriage stopped in front of a garden full of tropical trees, shrubs and flowering vines, where four or five white-robed, flower-wreathed maidens were standing by the gate to welcome us and to place the customary *leis* around our necks. For a while we sat on the long, wide verandah, listening to the *meles* of the *mea haku mele* (songs of the composer), and thoroughly enjoying the peaceful, quiet scene. And how strange it seemed: the solemn waving of the spectral palms, the quaint shadows cast by gnarled trunks of grotesque trees and by their feathery foliage, the subdued light peeping out from beneath the *lanai*, and the dusky maidens flitting across the garden paths in search of *maile* leaves to ornament the feast. When the *luau* was announced we paired off and passed into the *lanai*. This enclosure was a large, open room, with a wooden wall or fence, running round about seven feet high, and, of course, roofed over; it was outside of the main part of the house, and was generally used for dancing and on occasions like the present. The feast was laid *on the floor!* Down the centre of the

room was spread a roll of matting, and on this were great quantities of ferns, vines, leaves large and small, and hundreds of flowers; arranged among these lay the various dishes, calabashes of fruit, polished cocoa-nut bowls, and, here and there, a lamp or candle. Around the edge were mats for the guests; and on these we squatted. It was all fun, and but little formality. Everything was eaten with the fingers! Before we commenced, a young *wahine* took round a calabash filled with water, in which were dainty little flowers and sprigs of scented tree blossom; after all had used these unique 'finger-bowls' the first course was served. This was, it is almost needless to say, *poi.* To eat it *a la Hawaiian* you simply dip your finger in, give it a twist round, and convey what sticks to it to your mouth; and we all did it, for beside each guest was a pretty little carved cocoa-nut bowl half-filled with *poi*, and it would have been rude to refuse the first course. (I may remark that we did not dip very deeply!) After this we had *raw fish*,—nice raw mullet, split and salted. Some people might turn up their noses at this dish, but what is the difference between it and raw oysters? I prefer the

former. Then we had fish's eyes passed round, served on leaves,—and they were very much *passed round*, too; they may have been tasty enough, but they had the appearance of light-blue pills, and were not inviting. Fresh fish, cooked in ti-leaves, came next; and it was delicious. The leaf of the ti—or ki—plant is broad and long, something like our indian corn, and the natives use it very much; not only do they utilize it to carry the fish home from the market, but the leaf is wrapped tightly round and skewered, and in it the fish is roasted; the full flavour is retained—all being equally well cooked, and when it is ready for the table (or floor) there is no daintier dish in all the Eight Isles. As only the head is visible when it is brought on, it does not look unlike a little mummy! This was followed by sea-weed *(limu);* I thought, at first sight, it was a lot of little green fish-worms; but I took a bunch of them, feeling like the young bird in the nest—all mouth! They say that even the worm will turn; and I believe it! Then we had the second *poi* course; and we were allowed to vary our saline diet with roasted *kukui*-nuts, bananas, *ohelos* (native cranberry), and *ohias*,—the beautiful

mountain-apple. The last on the list was a salad of boiled crabs and *taro* tops; and then—more *poi*. The liquid refreshment was pure water—and gin. The scented water calabash was handed round, wherein we washed our fingers, then we retired to the verandah; and the 'table' was rolled up in a very few minutes. Our hostess apologized for not being able to offer us the customary 'roast pig,' but it was promised for another occasion. A song by one of the natives—a plaintive cooing lullaby in the soft, musical language of the islands; an instrumental piece on the *ukelele*, or 'taro-patch'; ten minutes for a smoke, and then we were asked to prepare for a dance. "Now for it," said M—, "Adam and Eve in all their glory were not arrayed—" "O be quiet," said his wife," "don't you see they're getting ready for a quadrille." And so it was; the old English dance; and they went through it with as much grace and precision as could be seen in any ball-room at home. But it did look odd,—the black faces and white dress, and white faces and black clothes! Then we had a waltz; and it certainly felt queer to put my arm around a waist that was devoid of anything in the shape of corsets! None of



A "LUAU," HAWAII.

the natives wear them. When the time came to say good-night we found that the carved cocoa-nut bowls, which we had admired so much at the *luau*, were placed in our carriage—a gift from these kindhearted people; they saw that we were pleased with them, that they were a novelty to us, and so, they reasoned, we ought to have them. It is proper to praise everything collectively; if you show great admiration for any one thing particularly—they give it to you. (This is among those natives who have not acknowledged that the 'civilizing influences' of the Englishman and the American are always synonymous with good taste, who have seen that the manners of the white man are often very bad manners, who recognize that to 'give good gifts', while not depriving themselves, is not only a pleasure but a duty.)

As the clock in the tower of the Parliament House struck the hour of eleven, we were on our way back to the hotel, back to our rooms and mosquito-netting; to dream of gigantic raw fishes, *poi* and a possible *hula;* and how deserted the streets looked compared with their appearance a few hours before. And this is one of the greatest charms of the place—the stillness of the

nights; for not only is quietude enforced by law, but all nature seems to be under *tabu* from sundown to sunrise; nowhere in the world does the moon look down on a scene more tranquil than this little island kingdom. We retire to rest with a conscious certainty of undisturbed repose. The humming of a nocturnal insect outside of the mosquito bars; the watch-cry of the sentinels at the palace; the distant shout of a boatman calling his '*aloha*'; the striking of the hour; and the noise of the surf on the coral reefs are the only sounds we hear. All else is hushed. Sleep.

CHAPTER III.

Surf-bathing—Kamehameha and his Warriors—Washed out to Sea—Trip to Hawaii—Molokai and the Leper Settlement—Sad Scenes—Marriage—Lahaina—Kailua—Kealakekua Bay, where Captain Cook was Killed—'The City of Refuge'—Punaluu—Pelé, the Goddess of Volcanoes—"The Sacred Spear-point."

ALL Polynesians are fond of the water; but the Hawaiians seem to be as much at home in the sea as on dry land, and some of their swimming feats are wonderful. Surf-bathing has ever been one of the favourite sports; and the dexterous manner in which the natives ride on their surf-boards—sitting, kneeling, or even standing—has been the marvel and admiration of travellers. I am told that it is still to be seen at Lahaina, on the island of Maui.

Kamehameha I. used to take his great war-canoes (bound together) out to sea in the stormiest weather, with all the stores of war, provisions, etc., and at a given signal the lashings were cut, so that each canoe had to shift for itself; many would be upset and their contents scattered on the water, but his "marines" would soon get the boats together again, collect the *pahoas* (wooden

daggers), war-clubs, and gourds of *poi*, and sail back to the *wahi-lulu*—the sheltered side of the island. Thus did the great conqueror teach his warriors to battle with the elements, as well as with the foe.

Two anecdotes will serve to illustrate the astonishing powers of endurance of these natives while in the water. The first is taken from Rev. T. H. Cheever's *Island World of the Pacific*, and relates to the wreck of a small schooner which took place off the coast of Kahoolawe: "The captain of the schooner (after the catastrophe), a foreigner, being unable to swim, was put by his Hawaiian wife on an oar, and they two struck out together for the distant shore. Mauae and his wife had each secured a covered bucket for a buoy; and three young men kept them company till evening; but all (the young men) disappeared, one after the other, during the night, either by exhaustion, or getting bewildered and turning another way, or by becoming the prey of sharks. Monday morning found the faithful pair alone; and the wife's bucket coming to pieces, she swam without anything till afternoon, when Mauae became too weak to go on. The wife stopped and

lomi-lomied him, (a kind of shampooing common here), so that he was able to swim again until Kahoolawe was in full view. Soon, however, Mauae grew so weary that he could not even hold the bucket; and his faithful wife, taking it from him, bade him cling to the long hair of her head, while she still hopefully held on, gradually nearing the shore. Her husband's hands, however, soon slipped from her hair, too weak to keep their hold, and she tried in vain to rouse him to further effort. She endeavoured, according to the native expression, to *hoolana kona manao* (to make his *hope* swim), to inspire him with confidence by pointing to the land, and telling him to pray to Jesus; but he could only utter a few broken petitions. Putting his arms, therefore, around her own neck, she held them fast on her bosom with one hand, and still swam vigorously with the other untill near nightfall, when she and her now lifeless burden were within a quarter of a mile of the shore! She had now to contend with the raging surf; and finding the body of her husband, which she had borne so long, stone dead, she reluctantly cast it off, and shortly after reached the land; having swam nearly thirty

miles!" This incident occurred early in the 'forties; and the following event happened in 1868. I quote from a letter in the *Honolulu Directory*, (1869): "At the time of the (earthquake) shock on Thursday, a man named Holoua, and his wife, ran out of the house and started for the hills above, but remembering the money he had in the house, the man left his wife and returned to bring it away. Just as he had entered the house the sea broke on the shore, and enveloping the building, first washed it several yards inland, and then, as the wave receded, swept it off to sea, with him in it. Being a powerful man, and one of the most expert swimmers in that region, he succeeded in wrenching off a board or rafter, and with this as a *papa hee-nalu* (surf-board), he boldly struck out for the shore, and landed safely with the returning wave! When we consider the prodigious height of the breaker on which he rode to the shore, (fifty, perhaps sixty feet), the exploit seems almost incredible, were it not that he is now alive to attest it,—as well as the people on the hill-side who saw him."

I left Honolulu on Tuesday, October 6th, 1891, for a week's trip to Hawaii--and volcano-land.

There was the usual crowd of natives on the wharf, the display of bright coloured *holukus*, bundles of matting, *poi* tins and *leis* of flowers on nearly everyone; there was the grave Chinese gentleman with his wife—who was carried on board and off again in a chair so that she might not hurt her 'cultivated feet,'—and their two little mites of children who looked like pictures from some antique Mongolian etching or figures from china plates; there was the smiling *Kanaka*, bedecked with flowers and carrying the indispensable guitar, and the swarthy Portugese who was not a pleasing contrast to his happy fellow-passenger; while on the lower deck the ever-present pig roamed about among the barrels and baggage. The amount of weeping and wailing could not have been greater had we been going to Iceland instead of only across to a neighbouring island; and the girls who did not cry consoled themselves with domestic cigarettes.

The steamer *Hall* cast off from the pier at ten o'clock, and for an hour we had a good view of the Oahuan coast; but little of the city can be seen from the sea—so embowered in trees is it; the beauty in the scene being the magnificent

range of mountains which forms the background. Puowaina's crater bowl, the shores of Waikiki, the cocoa-nut plantation—said to be two hundred years old, the dead volcano of Leahi and the craters of Koko Head are left behind, and we enter the open channel. In the afternoon we pass into the quiet waters on the lee side of that dread island—Molokai.

Here, on the north side, at Kalawao and Kalaupapa, are the leper settlements—districts set apart from the rest of the island, where hundreds of unfortunate human beings are doomed to pass the remainder of their lives. When a case of leprosy is suspected the police come down on the place and take charge of the supposed leper, —if they find him, for in most cases the relatives will hide the patient (sometimes in a cave) till the danger of seizure is over. The suspects are placed in a hospital in Honolulu until the nature of the disease is fully ascertained; then these poor creatures are taken off in batches to Molokai—never to leave it. Sometimes a relative will accompany them, for the first few weeks or months in this "ante-chamber to the tomb" are the most trying; but after a while they become

accustomed to the place and more reconciled to their fate; then the kind Franciscan Sisters come to the aid of the afflicted, helping them, with words of sympathy and thoughtful acts, to bear their terrible misfortunes calmly and with resignation. No sadder sight can be imagined than that of a young Hawaiian girl torn from her friends and family—and they are so affectionate, these gentle islanders—taken to the rock-bound lazaretto below the sombre precipice of the *Kalae Pali*, and cast among the outcasts of the world; so soon to die! And, perhaps, the day before her arrest the poor thing did not even suspect that she had the deadly mark upon her. Who can describe the feelings of the condemned when the surf-boat grates on the beach—the shore from which she *never can return?* For many days the tear-dimed eyes look sea-ward, for many weeks the aching heart seeks but to be alone; then comes the yearning for companionship in misery, and friendships are made, among those of her own sex at first, but later on with the young *Kanakas:* a little fishing party, a picnic up on the slopes, a wandering search for guavas or flowers to make a *lei*, and, mayhap, the friendship rip-

ens into love and ends in marriage; for Hymen's torch burns as fiercely here as in any part of the Free Island. The lepers are permitted to marry among themselves! "And one thing is sure," says Stevenson, in his work on the South Seas, "The most disgraced of that unhappy crew may expect the consolations of love. Love laughs at leprosy, and marriage is in use to the last stage of decay, and the last gasp of life." Children born of leprous parents are separated from the others within the precincts, and placed in a hospital built for the purpose. Although we are told that the Hawaiian government is doing all it can to stamp out this fearful plague, and is spending little less than $100,000 a year in connection with the leper settlement; yet it seems strange that it does not separate the sexes, at the lazaretto; or at least forbid marriage between patients who are deemed incurable. It was in this horrible life-prison that Father Damien lived and died. The segregation of the lepers commenced in 1869; in 1883 there were seven hundred and fifty infected with the disease at Kalawao.

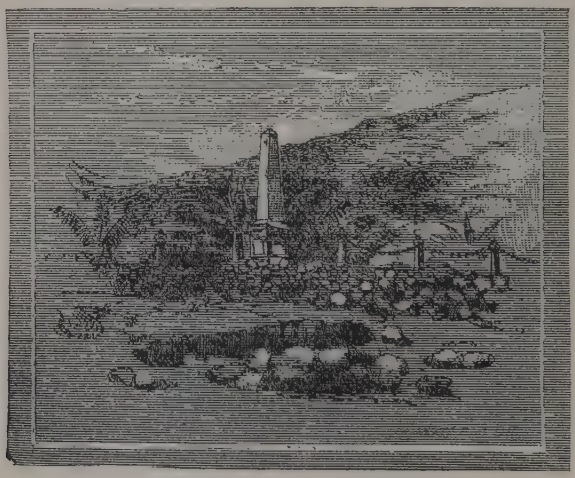
Early in the evening we reached Lahaina, on

the island of Maui, a picturesque, straggling little town, once the capital of the kingdom and a favourite resort of the kings of Hawaii. Behind the town the mountains of Maui rise up to a height of about six thousand feet,—great, dull-grey rocks which form a gloomy contrast to the light green cane fields and the cocoa-palms along the beach. We went ashore in the ship's boat, and spent an hour or two strolling through the quiet, palm-bordered streets of this sleepy old place, with its thatched roofs, open *lanais* and general tropical appearance.

Then we sat on the wharf, with our legs dangling above the water, waiting for the boat to come off for us; and we were tired—wanted to go to sleep, too; for, what with the soothing humming of the wind among the cocoa-trees, the lapping of the waves and the sound of music coming at intervals along the shore, we very nearly sank into 'the arms of Morpheus'—and ten feet of salt water! At length, as we watched the lights on board, we saw a tiny speck, like a glow-worm, detach itself from the dark hull and dancing over the sea, come through the gap in

the coral reef, and soon we were alongside the old *Hall;* and the anchor hung from the bows.

The next morning we arrived at Kailua, on the island of Hawaii. It was here where the first missionaries landed, in 1820; and the old stone church with its small windows and wooden belfry, is still standing. Kamehameha held his court at Kailua, and here he died, in 1819; his bones were taken in charge by the priests and certain chiefs, who hid them so carefully that they have never been found.



CAPTAIN COOK'S MONUMENT.

At noon we anchored in the celebrated Kealakekua Bay, and went on shore to see Captain

Cook's monument,—a very plain obelisk, surrounded by eight or ten old cannons placed on end and connected by chains. The bay is deep and the water is of the richest blue I ever saw in the sea; yet it is so clear that we could see far down in its depths, to where the branch coral stretched along the bottom in fan-shaped sprays. The cliffs around the bay are very steep, the landing places being at either horn of the crescent-shaped inlet; and high up on the sides of the precipice are caves, said to be the burial places of the chiefs of Kona. Who knows but that in one of these almost inaccessible holes the bones of Captain Cook and those of Kamehameha are lying together side by side? To Englishmen this is, perhaps, the most interesting spot, historically, in the whole group. Captain James Cook landed at Waimea, on the island of Kauai, in January, 1778, and was much pleased with the manner in which his people were received by the natives, finding them "gentle, friendly, and almost wholly unarmed." After his voyage to the North West Coast (of Behring Sea), Cook returned to the islands and landed at Kealakekua Bay. On his former visit Cook was treated with

the greatest respect; he was looked upon as a god — the long-lost "Lono," of the Hawaiian Trinity; the natives say he allowed himself to be worshiped and accepted sacrifices, to be offered him as a deity! But in their last visit, in February, 1779, the 'distinguished travellers' seem to have acted like pirates, for they over-ran the *heiaus*, broke the *tabus*, demanded the best of everything in the way of fresh meat and fruit, and the sailors took the greatest liberties with the people without regard to age or sex. (The abnormal amount of disease among the natives at the present day is the result of the baneful visit of the licentious crews of the *Resolution* and *Discovery!)* A series of petty quarrels between the ship's officers and the islanders, over the alleged theft of one of the small boats, ended in the death of several natives who were fired upon by the marines; and Cook, in endeavouring to reach his boat, was struck with a stone. Some of the chiefs, hearing him groan, felt satisfied that he was not a god, and, immediately falling upon him with their *pahoas*, soon despatched the luckless circumnavigator whose name is revered in England and the Colonies, but not so much in these

islands; for overweening confidence, carelessnes, and vanity are not considered by the Hawaiians to be attributes of a Commander. Even after his death some of the priests thought that he was still the Lono, that he allowed himself to be killed for a purpose, and that he would reappear before long; for "some of his bones, his ribs and breast-bone, were considered sacred, as part of Lono, and deposited in a *heiau* dedicated to Lono. There, religious homage was paid to them and they were annually carried in procession to several other *heiaus*, to collect the offerings of the people, for the support of the worship of the god Lono."

After I had taken a photograph of the monument—looking so solitary amid the black, grisly lava—we were rowed back to the steamer, and proceeded southward to Kaalualu, passing Honaunau, which was at one time an ancient 'City of Refuge.' Ellis, in his *Tour through Hawaii*, says —"Hither, the man-slayer, the man who had broken *tabu*, or failed in the observance of its strict requirements, the thief, and even the murderer, fled from his incensed pursuers and was secure. To whomsoever he belonged, and from whatever part he came, he was always sure of

admittance; though liable to be pursued even to the gates of the enclosure. Happily for him those gates were perpetually open."

It was getting dark when we doubled the south cape; but when we came round from behind Mauna Loa (the 'Long Mountain') we could see, forty or fifty miles away, the lurid reflection on the clouds above the volcano on Kilauea's* summit! Even then, so far away, it seemed to fascinate us; and we felt the more eager to push on. (This feeling never left me till I had crossed the lava-fields, scaled the cone, and held the fire burning in my hand!)

The sea was very rough, which made the landing by boat, at Punaluu, more difficult than landsmen might imagine; one minute the boat would be down in the trough of the sea, then, and the next swell would heave it up till it sometimes struck the gangway from which the passengers had to jump at the proper moment—to be caught and held by the *Kanaka* sailors. It was a wonder that some of the fat native women did not tumble overboard! There are neither wharves nor piers at any place on the coast of these islands except

*Pronounced—*Kil-awáy-ah.*

at Honolulu; all landing is done by boat; and, at night, by the light of a single ship's lantern, it is anything but pleasant.

We stayed all night at Punaluu; and I spent the evening reading the *Myths and Legends.** According to the tradition of the Apotheosis of Pele (pronounced Palay), she was a Samoan who, with her brothers, came to Hawaii about the year 1175, and lived not far from Punaluu. She wa as beautiful as she was brave, and, although she had once killed a chief who had tried to abduct her, the fair Pele could be as gentle as the *o—o* that sang in the *koa* trees on the slopes of Mauna Loa. The family lived contentedly in the valley of Keauhou, and nothing disturbed their peace until the arrival, on the island, of Kamapuaa —the hideous chief of Oahu, who became infatuated with Pele's charms, and openly made love to her. But these attentions were far from being welcome to the young girl, and she repulsed him with the greatest scorn. Notwithstanding this Kamapuaa still pressed his suit; till, through fear and hatred, Pele and her people left their home and retired to a mountain cave some miles away,

* Edited by the Hon. R. M. Daggett.

only to be followed by the now enraged chief, who surrounded the place with his dusky warriors. The siege went on for many days; and Kamapuaa was about to force the entrance, but, just as they were preparing for the final charge, a tremendous roar, as of a thousand thunders, was heard, and, from the cone of Kilauea, a river of molten lava poured down upon the cave, burying those beneath in its fiery waves! It was believed by the natives that Pele's spirit was transanimated to the igneous element within the volcano and that ever after she could vent her anger on those who neglected to offer the propitiatory sacrifice, by hurling down the 'rain of fire;' and many a victim — captive and slave — was plunged into the seething chasm!

The legend of 'The Sacred Spear-point' furnishes a good specimen of the folk-lore common in these islands, and I cannot forbear giving an extract, as the scene is laid within a few miles of Punaluu: " Kaululaau (*moi*, of Maui), and his party leisurely drifted along the coasts of Puna, until they reached the borders of Kau, when they landed at Keauhou to spend a few days in fishing and surf-riding. Weary of the

sport, Kauluaau left the bathers in the surf, one afternoon, and threw himself under the shade of a *hala* tree near the shore. Watching the clouds and the sea-birds circling in the heavens above him, he fell asleep, and when he awoke his eyes fell upon a beautiful woman sitting upon a rock not more than a hundred paces distant, silently watching the swimmers as they came riding in on the crests of the rollers. Her skirts were a *pau* spangled with crystals, and over her shoulder hung a short mantle of the colours of the rainbow. Her long hair was held back by a *lei* of flowers, and her wrists and ankles were adorned with circlets of tiny shells of pink and white. The appearance of the woman dazzled him, and, after gazing for some time and rubbing his eyes to be sure that he was not dreaming, he rose to his feet and approached the radiant being. Advancing to within four or five paces of the woman, apparently unobserved, he stopped, and, with a cough, attracted her attention. Turning her face toward him, he greeted her courteously and requested permission to approach nearer and converse with her. Her appearance indicated that she was a person of rank, and he did not

feel like trespassing, uninvited, upon her privacy. She did not deign to make any reply to his request, but, after scanning him from head to foot, turned her face toward the sea again with a contemptuous toss of her head.

He hesitated for a moment, and then turned and strode rapidly down to the beach, where his double canoe had been safely drawn up on the sands. "In the guise of a bather," thought the prince, "she evidently mistakes me for a servant. I will approach her in the garb to which my rank entitles me, and see what effect that will have." Entering the canoe, he girdled his loins with a gaudy *maro;** hung round his neck a *palaoa*,† and threw over his shoulder a royal mantle of yellow feathers. Then, crowning his head with a brilliant feather helmet, he selected a spear of the length of six paces and stepped from the canoe. As he did so he stumbled. "This means that I have forgotten or omitted something of importance," said the prince to himself, stopping, and in detail scanning his equipments. At this moment a lizard ran across his

* A loin-cloth of *tapa*.

† An ornament made out of ivory or a whale's tooth.

path and entered a hole in the earth. This brought to his mind his battle with the gigantic gnome on Lanai; and with a smile he reentered the canoe. Taking from a calabash, where it had been for months secreted, the charmed spear-point of Lono, he affixed it firmly to the point of a javelin, and, thus equipped, again sought the presence of the fascinating being by whom he had been repulsed.

Advancing as before, he at once craved permission to approach near enough to drink in the beauty of her eyes. But she seemed to be in no mood to consent. Scanning him in his changed apparel, with an air of indifference, she said: "You need not have taken the trouble to bedeck yourself with royal feathers. I knew you before, as I know you now, to be Kaululaau, son of Kakaalaneo, *moi** of Maui, I do not desire your company."

"Since you know who I am, I must claim the right to insist on my request, unless you can show, indeed, that you are of equal or better rank." Saying this, the prince took a step forward.

* King.

"Then come," replied the woman, "since you are rude enough to attempt it. Sit at my feet and tell me of your love, and I will search the caves for squid, and beat the *tapa* for you."

The prince advanced joyfully, and was about to seat himself at the feet of the lovely being, when, with a cry of pain, he sprang back. The rock he had touched was as hot as if it had just been thrown from the crater of a volcano!

"Come," said the woman tauntingly; "do you not see that I am waiting for you?"

Again the prince advanced, but the earth for two or three paces around her was glimmering with heat, and he hastily withdrew to where the ground and rocks were cool. He was now satisfied that he was dealing with some one wielding supernatural powers, and resolved to test the efficacy of the charmed point of the javelin.

"Why do you not come?" continued the woman, in a tone of mingled defiance and reproach.

"Because the earth where you are sitting is too hot for my feet," replied the prince, innocently. "Come to where I am standing, and I will

sit beside you." And with the point of his javelin he marked upon the ground the boundaries of a space around him.

"Retire some paces, and I will do so," replied the woman, confidently. The prince withdrew, as requested, and she quietly removed to the spot where he had been standing.

"Now come," said the woman, reseating herself; "perhaps you will find it cooler here."

"I hope so," returned the prince, as he began cautiously to advance. He crossed the line marked by the point of his javelin, and felt no heat. He took three more steps forward; and the earth was still cool. Another step, which brought him within two paces of the enchantress, convinced him that her powers were impotent within the boundaries of the line he had drawn, and, with a sudden leap forward, he caught her in his arms.

Astounded at the failure of her powers, and exasperated beyond measure, she succeeded in eluding his grasp and in springing beyond the fatal line. The prince followed, but she was now herself and he could neither overtake nor restrain

her. Retreating some distance up the hill, she suddenly stopped and awaited his approach. She permitted him to advance within forty or fifty paces of her, when, in the space of a breath, she abandoned her captivating disguise and stood forth in the form of *PELE, the dread goddess of Kilauea!* Her eyes were bright as the mid-day sun, and her hair was like the flame of fire!

The prince stopped in dismay. The goddess raised her hand, and at her feet burst forth a stream of molten lava, rolling fiercely down upon the prince, as if to engulf him. He started to escape by flight, but the stream widened and increased in speed as it followed. Fearful that it would overtake him before he could reach the sea, he thought of his javelin, and, with the point, hastily drew a line in front of the advancing flood. Continuing his flight and looking back, he discovered, to his great relief, that the stream stopped abruptly at the line he had drawn, and could not pass it. Passing into a ravine, the angry flow sought to reach the sea through its channel and thus cut off the retreat of the prince; but he crossed the depression, marking a line as

he went, and the fiery avalanche was stayed at the limit.

Observing that she was thwarted by some power whose element seemed to be of the earth, Pele summoned her brother, Keuakepo,* from Kilauea, and a shower of fire and ashes descended upon Kaululaau and his companions. Leaping into the sea to avoid the fire, they dragged the double canoe from its moorings, and, swimming and pushing it through the breakers, escaped from the coast with but little injury." And this is but one of the many stories which, in the old days, were treasured as sacred truth by the superstitious islanders.

*God of the Night-rain, or rain of fire.

CHAPTER IV.

The Road to the Volcano—Pahala—Half-way House—Hard Work—Kilauea—Sulphur Baths—The Crater—Volcanic Phenomena—Haleakala—Mauna Kea—Mauna Loa—Earthquakes and Lava-flows—Movement in the Crater—Heat.

WE were up next morning at 6 o'clock; for the 'sugar-tram' started at 7 a.m. for Pahala. For the first mile the track—a two-foot gauge—is cut through great masses of broken lava and *a—a* (mud-flow), and, far down on the shore, we could see the lava-belt stretching away in the distance, black and shining. Pahala is five miles from the sea; and we got a carriage (!) here to take us to the 'half-way' house, where we had lunch—and a good one, too, on cold chicken and *ohelos.* I obtained a saddle-horse at this place and performed the rest of the journey on horseback.

The whole distance, from Punaluu to the Volcano House, is twenty-eight miles; and the 'road' is the worst I ever saw; it is only a trail, over the lava-flows, and we had to travel most of the way at a walk,—winding in and out among the lava which lay in great mounds, piled up on either

side, or over tracts of *a—a*; but in some places the path led down through grassy gullies, where trees with yellow blossoms spread their branches across the way. It took us ten hours of the hardest kind of riding it is possible to imagine to reach our destination, and it was five o'clock in the afternoon when we arrived at Volcano House,—a very comfortable hotel situated on the edge of the great crater itself, and beyond the sulphur banks. From the appearance of the place as seen from the road it looks as though the house were standing amid the ruins of a fire—so surrounded by sulphur steam is it; and the hot fumes are continually pouring out from the cracks in the rocks and lava. They have utilized one of these fissures by building a bath-house near it and conducting the steam thereto for vapour baths; and it was not long before we were sitting 'up to our necks' in the almost boiling vapour, which refreshed us greatly after our hard day's journey.

The house is 4,040 feet above the sea; a few feet in front of it is the brink of the crater wall, and 480 feet below is the crater of Kilauea—an immense chasm covering an area of about nine square miles, being nearly four miles in length,

and two miles and a half in width. The 'floor' is now solidified lava; and has the appearance of a lake or river bed from which the water has been drained, leaving the mud-bottom exposed. At the south end is the active crater of Halè-mau-mau ('House of Everlasting Fire'), a boiling caldron 250 feet deep—from the lava-floor to the liquid lava—and nearly half a mile in diameter! About six months ago there was an earthquake, and the lava (which was overflowing the discharge-way into the New Lake), and the *debris* cone in the centre dropped down 500 feet; but the lavas soon began to fill up the bottom of the crater, and since then has risen half way to the upper level of the lava-floor.*

* In 1840 there was a terrible eruption of Kilauea; the lavas forced their way through a subterranean passage, broke through the side of the mountain, and plunged downward to the sea. I take the following from the *Pall Mall Budget*:—"For two score miles it came rolling, tumbling, swelling forward, an awful agent of death. Rocks melted like wax in its path; forests crackled and blazed before its fervent heat; the works of men were to it but as a scroll in the flames. The old line of coast, a mass of compact, indurated lava, whitened, cracked and fell. The waters recoiled and sent forth a tempest of spray; they foamed and lashed around and over the melted rock; they boiled with white heat, and the roar of the conflicting agencies grew fiercer and louder. The reports of the exploding gases were distinctly heard twenty-five miles distant, and were likened to a whole broadside of heavy artillery. Six weeks later, at the base of the hills, the water continued scalding hot, and sent forth clouds of steam at every wash of the waves."

The Hawaiian islands are all of volcanic origin; on every island are vestiges of these phenomena, and extinct craters are scattered over the snrface of various heights, from the giant crater Haleakala, —'The Palace of the Sun'—on the island of Maui, to the "Punchbowl" in the city of Honolulu. Of extinct craters, Haleakala is the largest in the world; it is 10,032 feet high, 23 miles in circumference (the crater proper, not the volcano-mountain), and nearly eight miles in diameter! This monster volcano has not been active within the memory of man. The summit is crowned with immense walls of scoriaceous lava and basalt; there are two discharge-ways, one at the north end, (a mile and a half wide) which passes between walls of rock over 2,000 feet high, and the other, at the south-east—called the Kaupo Gap. The interior of the crater is a large cinder-field containing fifteen or sixteen cones—from 400 to 900 feet in height; at the base of the largest of these are great blocks of stones, but where they came from no one knows, nor has offered a satisfactory theory. Unlike most volcanoes the crater of Haleakala is not circular, but is partly triangular; nor is it situated in the centre of the island.

Mauna Kea ('The White Mountain'), on the island of Hawaii, is the highest point of land in the group, being 13,805 feet above the sea. This volcano has been extinct for centuries; but its ignipotent sister, Mauna Loa, twenty miles to the south, has been very active within the last few years. These mountains are so near to each other that their slopes blend and form a ridge 5,300 feet high. Mauna Loa is 13,650 feet in height; and on a 'shoulder,' twenty miles to the east, is the active crater Halè-mau-mau — or, as it is usually called, the volcano of Kilauea.

There have been many eruptions of Mauna Loa from 1832 to 1887; but, perhaps, the most destructive was that of 1868—the famous "mud-flow." Shocks of earthquake began on the 28th of March, and were felt in all the islands; on the 2nd of April it reached the climax. The scene is described by an eye-witness: "First the earth swayed to and fro, north and south, then east and west, round and round, then up and down in every imaginable direction for several minutes, everything crashing round us; the trees thrashing about as though torn by a mighty, rushing wind. It was impossible to stand—we

had to sit on the ground, bracing with hands and feet to keep from rolling over. In ten seconds, almost every church, store, frame or thatched house, and every stone wall, in the district of Kau, was laid flat with the ground."

A large fissure, half a mile in breadth, opened in the side of Mauna, about 5,600 feet above the sea-level, and a stream of hot mud and water poured out and flowed down to the shore, carrying all before it. It is said to have travelled at the rate of twenty-four miles in an hour; and it reached the sea in about two hours. Sweeping through the beautiful valley, with such terrific speed, it overtook flocks of sheep and goats, horses, cattle and human beings; eighty-one lives were lost! Tidal phenomena occurred at all the islands; at Honolulu the water retired eight feet—at Maui it receded twenty fathoms—returning in a gigantic wave which swept along the coast, destroying houses, boats, cultivated patches, and drowning two *Kanakas;* and at Hilo the harbour was left so dry that the natives, in their excitement, rushed down to see the strange sight, and were caught by the in-coming wave which rose twenty feet above high-water mark; fourteen were

drowned. But at Punaluu, on the south coast, the effects were more disastrous. A few extracts from a letter, written by the Hon. A. Fornander, will give some idea of the force of these tidal waves: "At Punaluu, at the moment of the shock, it seemed as if an immense quantity of lava had been discharged into the sea some distance from the shore, for almost instantly a terrible commotion arose, the water boiling and tossing furiously. Shortly afterwards, a tremendous wave was sweeping up on the shore, and when it receded there was nothing left of Punaluu! Every house, the big stone church, even the cocoanut trees—all but two—were washed away. . . . The same wave that swept away Punaluu, also destroyed the villages of Niole, Kawaa and Honuapo. Not a house remains to mark the site of these places except at Honuapo. Poor Kau is almost wholly destroyed; the sea washed away the coast villages, and the earthquake razed the inland places."

In 1881 there was a great eruption, (beginning in November of the preceding year). The people of Hilo saw the lava coming down the mountain side — of Mauna Loa — the stream

divided—one part keeping on its course towards their town, and the other flow branched off in the direction of Waimea. "In four months," says Prof. James D. Dana, "the stream was within seven miles of Hilo, or about twenty-six miles long; in seven and two-thirds months, June 28th, within five miles; in eight and one-half months, July 18th, about *two* miles; and August 10th, nine months after the outflow began, it stopped *within three-fourths of a mile of Hilo!* The movement was about seventy-five feet an hour.'

There were eruptions in January and February, 1887; and earthquake shocks were felt all over the island. "Six hundred and eighteen were counted between 2 o'clock in the morning of the 16th of January and 7 o'clock in the evening of the 17th" (at Hilo.)

It is almost needless to remark that the value of real estate in the town of Hilo fluctuates considerably. In the beginning of August, '81, landed property could be got for next to nothing; for when the lava-stream—which had travelled thirty miles—was quietly creeping over the last mile, the inhabitants were fleeing to other parts;

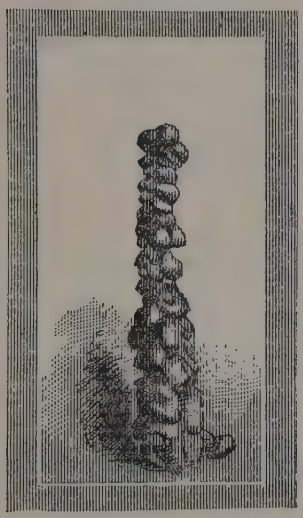
perhaps finding comfort in the words: '*there's no place like home!*'

Volcanoes may be 'explosive,' as when the water gaining access to the lava in the interior of the conduit, generates enormous, vertical, projectile force, or 'subordinate;' in the latter case, the outbreak comes from the side or base of the mountain. There are earthquakes accompanying some eruptions, while with others the vibrations are scarcely felt.

Volcanoes eject lava *(melted rock)*, projectile discharges—which become cinders and ashes, and, if very large are called 'lava-bombs;' and gas eous discharges. But the picture that shows flames issuing from a crater is a misrepresentation; the fiery glow is the reflection on the vapour from the liquid lava within the cone. This vapour is steam (water vapour), sulphurous acid, hydrogen, and carbonic acid.* Around the Hawaiian volcanoes there are large deposits of sulphur; the natives place carved boxes, trays, etc., beside the fissures until they become encrusted a bright yellow.

*Sometimes, but not often, a small greenish-yellow flame not more than a foot or two in height may be seen above the lava-lake; this, according to Dana, is 'attributed to the combustion of free hydrogen.'

There are various forms of lava found at Kilauea: scoriaceous or clinker, spongy or pumice (with parallel fibres—*porphyritic*), smooth and glassy, or *pahoehoe*, and 'grape' lava; the last—either in the form of stalactites or stalagmites — are found on the roofs or floors of caves — where the lava has oozed through small interstices, adhered to the walls or formed in tiny pyramids on the ground, each drop—having cooled quickly — retaining its globular shape; and then there is the Hawaiian *a—a*, or broken lava. But the most peculiar thing about flowing lava is that it has the faculty of *running up hill!* I could not understand, at first, how it could be that the lava was, apparently of the same thickness on the tops of hills and other elevations as in the valleys and on the plains; but I was informed that the mobile lava produced by an eruption, cools quickly on the surface, leaving a liquid mass beneath, which is



'GRAPE LAVA.'

forced out at the edge in the direction of the flow; a crust forms on the surface of this, more liquid lava is forced out, and so the 'telescopic' movement repeats itself — whether upward or downward it matters not. The coils and rope-like formations are produced in wide or narrow rings according to the nature of the ground over which the lava travels, smaller folds being generally found where the flow has been retarded, as where it has ascended a slope.

In speaking of the movement in the crater of Kilauea, Prof. Dana says: "The cycle of movement of the volcano is simply—(1) a rising in level of the liquid lavas and of the bottom of the crater; (2) a discharge of the accumulated lavas down to some level in the conduit determined in the outbreak; (3) a down-plunge of more or less of the floor of the region undermined in the discharge. Then follows another cycle: a rising again, commencing at the level of the lavas left in the conduit,—that is, the lavas in the lava-column,—which rising continues until the augmenting forces, from one source or another, are sufficient for another outbreak. . . .

In Hawaii the heat required for the existing

mobility is no greater than the deep-seated conditions below the mountain can keep supplied, in spite of the cooling agencies from cold rocks, subterranean waters, and the air; it is no greater than it can continue to supply for more than half a century, as the records have shown; and supply freely to the top of a conduit 3,000 to 3,500 feet above the sea-level, and even to the top of another conduit but twenty miles off, rising to the height of 13,000 feet above the sea-level. The temperature needed for this mobility, judging from published facts, is between 2000°F. and 2500°F. We are certain that a white heat exists in the lava within a few inches of the surface; for the play of jets in a lava-lake makes a dazzling network of white lightening-like lights over the surface; and white heat is equivalent to 2400°F. . . . The *origin of volcanic heat* the *source of lava-columns* beneath the volcano, *the cause of the ascensive force* in the lava-column are subjects on which science has various opinions and no positive knowledge." The movement is supposed to be due to "the pressure of the earth's crust on the lava-reservoir beneath, arising

from subsidence in the earth's crust from secular refrigeration."*

Thus much for the theory of volcanoes; while here we are on the very crust of one, and all around are all the earthquake evidences.

On our way up we had been nearly baked, but, as the hotel has an elevation of over four thousand feet above the sea, it was quite cool at Kilauea; and we were glad to draw near to the big fire-place with its huge pile of blazing logs. As the evening advanced (there is no twilight here) we gathered round the comfortable fire, which lighted up the rafters and the glistening lava specimens on the wall, and listened to 'shocking' tales about earthquakes, lava-flows, and rivers of liquid fire. Then our hostess—a dark, handsome native—brought out her guitar and sang to us the songs of *Hawaii nei.* While the glare from the volcano lit up everything outside of the house, and every few minutes the window panes would assume a ruddier glow as an extra explosion would occur, and the clouds above the crater would be flushed as from the conflagration of half a city!

* *Characteristics of Volcanoes.*

Now the Australian and the Californian began to discuss the merits of their respective countries, each claiming that his was the best place in the world for fruit, grain, flowers, horses, cattle, gold and silver; but when they began blowing about their 'glorious climates,' I thought it was about time to go to bed!

CHAPTER V.

Kilauea-Iki—Flowers and Ferns—Mauna Loa at Sunrise—Descent into the Crater—The Lava-field—Halè-mau-mau—Into the Crater of Craters—Sulphur-steam—The Lake of Everlasting Fire—A Perilous Undertaking—Lost—The Native Guide—Farewell Kilauea—*Pilikia—Luau* at Punaluu—Return to Honolulu—At Last *Aloha.*

EARLY next morning we walked over to Kilauea—Iki (little K.), an offshoot from the greater volcano, and a mile and a half from the house. When clinging to the edge of the crater, looking down into the pit, I could hardly realize that it was 800 or 900 feet deep! The sides, which are covered with grasses and ferns, are nearly perpendicular, and the bottom is a great, flat floor of black lava. The path to the crater leads through a tangled mass of flowers and flowering trees and bushes — conspicuous among them the delicious *ohelo* and the beautiful *ohia.* We found quantities of the variegated Hawaiian ferns,— whose graceful fronds look like so many miniature rainbows amongst the underbrush ; they are a dark green at the base and the colour gradually merges into pale yellow, terminating in a

bright scarlet tip. Hundreds of spiders spin their webs across the trail from tree to tree — great insects they were, with whitish green bodies, striped with bars of yellow and brown; fortunately they are not poisonous. This is one very good thing about these islands: there is not a poisonous insect, reptile or animal to be found — not even a small snake of any kind; the tarantulas and scorpions will bite, of course, but their venom is comparatively innocuous; while the mosquitoes and fleas are imported stock! Still we never forgot to turn our clothes and our socks inside-out every morning; a squirming centipede even without a sting is neither good for body nor *sole!*

The best view of Mauna Loa is from the Volcano House, although the appearance is rather deceptive; looking at it either from sea or shore, it can hardly be believed that the long, dome-like mountain rises to a height of nearly 14,000 feet! Early in the morning the summit is generally free from mists, and at that hour, when the sunlight falls on its great, even slopes, we can see the magnificence of its proportions. Far away to the south, rising from the sea—above the lava-

flow of Kahuku—the hills mount upward in gentle ascent, green with perpetual summer and golden with richness of blossom: in the valleys of Kona and Kau the colouring is distinct, but on the high lands neutral shades prevail, until they merge into the lava-tinted region beneath the crater of Mokuaweoweo; on the north and east great zigzag streaks of black and brown and grey run down to the dividing range, where the broken lava lies scattered in rough blocks, or stretched out in overlapping coils and sinuosities; and between these are seen flushes of pink and green, where the sweet-scented *lantana* and the *ohia* trees grow in plentitude.

We left the house at 3.45 in the afternoon (Oct. 9th), and began the descent into the 'great' crater; the pathway leads down the steep bank, making it a mile to the lava-level, and then we tramped across the rough and undulating lava for *nearly three miles!* Nothing could be more desolate than this black, rugged lava-bed; it had the appearance of a storm-tossed ocean suddenly petrified, leaving wave mounted on wave, and yawning chasms gaping from beneath great mounds of tumbled lava which threatened to fall

and crush us. We had no fear, but I think we all felt our utter insignificance as we passed beneath these giant monuments moulded by the mighty hand of nature. In some places the lava lay piled up layer upon layer, then it would break off and form all sorts of devices—such as we see in the grease from a candle that has been allowed to burn out, or in molten metal spilt upon the ground; at times we found it as smooth and hard as the original rock, and then again our feet crushed the micaceous surface which would shale off in flakes; farther on we had to climb up naturally formed steps, and then descend over coils of lava—fibrous and brittle. As we walked close to the white and yellow seams the fumes of sulphur almost overpowered us; and sometimes the crust would be hotter, where there was a *thinner* spot; throughout the length and breadth of the crater were *crevasses* and caverns from which the sulphur steam poured out in clouds—212 degrees of heat, like the hot breath of a furnace. But what surprised us most was to find, fully half-a-mile (I was going to say from *shore*) from the cliffs, pretty little ferns growing here and there amongst the broken lava, their tender stems look-

ing sadly out of place in this wild spot! The seed had been carried there by the winds, lodged in the sheltering fissures, and, sustained by an occasional dust-storm and copious rains, these tiny plants lived and flourished amid the surrounding desolation. A slender fern in the jaws of a volcano! Is there not something to be learnt from this?

We had proceeded in single file for an hour, and had ascended about a hundred and twenty feet above the outer edge at the base of the wall, when we felt the air grow much warmer; now and then a gust of sulphurous vapour would be wafted in our faces, and the light increased in brilliancy. With hastening footsteps we mounted the last lava-fold, and stood on the brink of the greatest active crater in the world — the volcano of Kilauea!

There are certain words in every language which are supposed to convey to the reader ideas of heat, fire, colour, smell, etc., but they can only give an impression of comparison; and thus the traveller who tries to tell what he has seen at this place, must feel that he is attempting to describe the indescribable. We stood speechless, beside

this Great Wonder; and it seemed to be like a dream — not real! Before us was a crater half a mile wide and two hundred and fifty feet deep; to the left innumerable cracks extended in broken lines—dark and horrible looking places—apparently unfathomable; to the right the lava-blocks lay in confused masses, rising one behind the other till they became obscured by the sulphur steam which rolled out toward the Kau bluffs; while far below us, in the bottom of the pit, a roaring, spouting, seething lake of molten lava, lashed itself in waves of blinding light that hissed and sputtered as they moved toward the centre, where the masses of gory lava were hurled high up in the air; to this was added the almost deafening roar. It was more beautiful than anything else in nature's world; more horrible than aught conceived by man; it had the brilliancy of the heavens; it was the mouth of hell!

The whole surface was moving. Along the margin, cracks would appear, the glowing edges flashing now crimson, now green, as a great cake of semi-liquid lava floated off—leaving behind a fiery fringe sparkling like the tails of ten thousand tiny rockets; then, as it reached the

middle of the basin, a fountain of dazzling whiteness would belch up through the cumulated drift and threaten to overflow the banks. It was ever changing; never two minutes the same. Sometimes the flows would resemble trees, maps, or geometrical figures; but, as the centripetal force drew them onward, they would break and finally disappear. Meanwhile another floe would be ready, and would break off, only to float away and be swallowed up in the vortex. Now the grey lava at the edges would open and curl back, showing the white heat within, then the blood-red lips would close and furl over as though in fiendish ecstasy. Sometimes the fountain in the centre would die down, and the wave-motion become slower; but we could see, on the opposite side of the crater, a second fountain, or whirlpool, heaving and wallowing like a gigantic salamander as it approached the other; then both would sink beneath the surface, and soon a hundred little jets would spurt up all over the lake, and hiss and gurgle and dance about like—well, like nothing else in all the world! But it was the *slow movement* that seemed to tell of the irresistible forces, the mighty powers within the volcano; there was

something majestic in the way in which the immense sheets of lava slowly tore themselves from the walls and sailed onward to destruction. The breaking-up of solid ice on a large river resembles it more nearly than anything I have seen ;—that is to say in form and movement.

There were five in our party; and two of us were anxious to make the descent into the crater of craters—to the lowest level it were possible to reach. But the guide would not go ; his duties were to conduct travellers across the lava-bed to the brink of the active crater (Halè-mau-mau) but not into it; he had been down once, and that experience was evidently sufficient. "No, no good; no want to die!" Mr. Lee, of the hotel, got him to show us the place where the natives went down (a large fissure in the lava), and at last persuaded him to make the attempt. Mr. M—— and I said good-bye to the others, and then let ourselves down into the dismal looking apperture, the sides of which were almost perpendicular, and gradually made our way to the inside of the crater. As we came out into the full glare we got the first blast of the sulphurous heat. Heat? Well, I was glad that my costume

consisted of trousers, tennis shirt, and shoes,—some portions of which I still retain as relics! The sides, or walls, of the crater are composed of loose rocks, stones, and broken lava; and are far more difficult, and dangerous, to descend or climb than an Alpine gorge, for not only had we to beware of insecure footing, but, when a stone began to move, *we had to stop it*, if not we ran the risk of starting an avalanche that might carry us to the bottom, or bring tons of rock down about our heads; every stone and ledge was chipped and marked as though a battery of horse-artillery had been going up and down there for years. When I got half way down, M—— called out, from above, that he thought he would give it up; and Joachim, the guide, was getting puzzled as to the right direction; but I was not going to turn back after getting so far, and I promised Jo something if he succeeded in leading me to the nethermost point, and getting me out again all right. And so, tying a handkerchief over my mouth to keep out as much of the sulphur-fumes as possible, once more we went at it; on hands and knees, creeping over masses of fallen rock that vibrated from the concussions below, and

sometimes I had to drag myself along with my face to the wall, clinging for dear life—afraid to look beneath me into that awful, fiery chasm! To add to the horror, there was the constant thought that this crater-wall was submerged in the lava a few months ago,—only half a year since the whole lake with its great cone of crusted lava plunged downward five hundred feet, into the bowels of the earth! Yet is it not strange that often when we are encompassed by the greatest dangers, when addressing an audience, listening to a profound sermon, or, perhaps, engaged in performing some sad funereal rite, an idea will, for an instant, take possession of our minds so totally incongruous to the surroundings, so utterly inappropriate, as to be almost stunning in effect; our nerves are so strung by mental or physical tension that the slightest change of thought produces a complete metamorphosis. And here in this 'hell-porch,' while thinking for the moment of the lava-basin as a *lake*—a stream of water, I saw myself on the bank of the river which flowed below the old schoolhouse at Rockwood, —under the cedar trees, catching minnows, as I had done so often, long years ago!

My clothes were torn and my hands were cut and bleeding, for everything was covered with glass-fibre (the thread-like 'Pelè's hair') which had been carried by the winds and lodged on the face of the rocks; while the heat was almost stifling. But there was only one thing which I really feared — the changing of the wind; that would mean sulphur, and certain death! Sliding, scrambling, leaping, we reached the bottom at last; and how *deliciously cool* we found it—for the great heat, generated in the crater, causes a downward rush of air which strikes the margin of the hard lava before it becomes warm. But as soon as we rose above the sheltering crust around the lake we could hardly bear the Plutonic glare.* I crept over the hot, trembling lava untill I found a place where the edge of the opening was red hot, and into one of these crimson crevices I thrust my *(kauila)* stick which immediately burst into flame;

* "The molten lava in the lakes of Kilauea, when protected from radiating its heat by a cover of rock, as, for instance, in a cavern, keeps molten whilst the exposed portions acquire a crust. This crust again protects the lava underneath from radiating its heat, and when this becomes intensified by connection from below, it remelts the crust, which is, however, again reformed by radiation. This alternate melting and cooling is the normal action of the lava lakes of Kilauea."—*Vestiges of the Molten Globe*,—W. L. Green.

I waved it to my friends on the brink, two hundred and fifty feet almost directly above me, and this little extra pyrotechnic display had the effect of inducing M——to make an effort to get down to us; he succeeded at last in reaching the 'bottom lands,'—using language that was certainly appropriate to the present and suggestive of the future!

Although the view of the crater is more comprehensive from the upper ledge, yet those who venture down to the level of the lake (and but few have done so), will get a better idea of the beauties of the lava-fountains, and will see to what a height—40 or 50 feet—the liquid lava is thrown. Besides it is the *ne plus ultra* of travel and adventure; *i ka hopena loa*, as the Hawaiians say—the Great Ending!

Then began the work of getting back again. As I looked up to where our friends would likely be—away off on the overhanging ledges, as I saw the stars shining dimly above the serrated lines of the crater walls—the place of safety, I thought to myself that I would be willing to give enough to endow an hospital ward to be once again on the upper lava-floor of Kilauea; but the

chances were greater that I would furnish one of the Hawaiian hospitals with a patient! It was bad enough coming down, but it was much worse returning. Before we reached the side we had to recross the hot lava, and in some places the scoria is formed in layers measuring only an inch and a half in thickness; more than once I broke through this to the *substratum*, and what a horrible sensation it was—to hear the crackling lava and feel the sulphur steam pour out against my legs in sickening clouds; only a drop of, perhaps, eight or ten inches, but there was the uncertainty as to whether the next break might not prove to be 'a drop too much!' I thought, at one place, to work around ahead of the guide; so I went on farther—and fared worse, for I lost myself for fifteen or twenty minutes! It was the longest *mal quarte heure* I ever spent in my life; I tried to calculate the chances of being found, —in case I were overcome by the heat,— if I fainted, and I watched the veering vapours stealing up the crater's side with an interest that was 'intense' but not æsthetic. Yes, they might pick me up—with a telescope! Just as I was about to descend again, I saw Jo's old hat appearing above

a rock, sixty or seventy feet below me, and I did not lose sight of it till we were out of the place. It took an hour and three-quarters to make the descent and to return to the mouth of the crater. I have tasted a great variety of enticing beverages of one kind and another, but the long drink of water I took out of the tin canteen was the most refreshing of them all. After resting for an hour, enjoying the magnificent scene, we lit our lanterns and the return journey began across the lava-bed of the great crater; yet loth to leave the fascinating spot; while overhead the clouds formed a lurid canopy which seemed to rise higher as we proceeded, and to stretch great wings across the sky, above the throne of Pelè—the goddess of Kilauea. As we proceeded, in single file, the leader would call out every few minutes—"crack!" when he came to a large fissure over which we had to pass, and each of us would shout the word to the man behind him as a warning. In a little more than an hour we had traversed the sombre chasm; and then there was the steep ascent of the cliff—the wall of the great crater, where we passed the monument erected in memory of an Englishman who dropped dead on the spot, some

years ago, as he was returning from Halè-mau-mau. A good stiff pull and we reached the high land, and the House; tired, sore, with aching limbs and many bruises, but more than pleased that we had overcome difficulties and dangers and had seen the Grandest Sight in the World!

The next day we left Kilauea, and returned to Punaluu; but not without accident—there is always sure to be *pilikia**—for we had a break-down before we reached the half-way house. In the evening we went to see a *luau* in one of the houses down by the beach; and it was supposed to be a very fine affair—according to Hawaiian ideas of enjoyment; in the way of a 'feed,' it was a perfect Guildhall dinner to the natives: unlimited *poi*, pig, and sand-paper gin! For weeks previous they would assemble on the beach, in the evenings, each *Kanaka* having a cup, and try to throw water on one another; the man who failed to dodge the shower had to put up a dollar, which went towards the *luau* fund. We were told that they finished up with the usual *hula!* We left Punaluu at 4 o'clock next morn-

* Trouble.

ing; and two days afterwards arrived at Honolulu. Here we rested for a few days, and then took the steamer *Alameda* for San Francisco. And, in many ways, we felt sorry to leave these beautiful islands and the kindhearted people. The Band came down to the wharf and played for an hour before we started; and it contributed not a little to make the parting one to which we look back with feelings of mingled pleasure and pain. Leaning on the deck-rail, decorated, as we were, with *leis* of flowers, listening to the splendid music of the Native's Own, waiting to wave a last *aloha*, our thoughts drifted far away; and, moved to the heart—in sadness or gladness—by the sweet strains of melody, many an eye brimmed full as the ship swung off and the distance widened on the water. We see the dark blue hills above the Pali's gorge, and the white roofs of the outlying villas and the farms; the streets of the city, and the overspreading palms; we see the *Kanakas* running along the pier, and the little boats bowing to the swell from our steamer; we see the waving handkerchiefs and flower wreaths; we pick out

well-known faces in the crowd, and to our farewell *alohas* across the water comes the answer from the players—'Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye!' Land of the *lantana*—Farewell.

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REMINISCENCES OF TRAVEL.

CHAPTER I.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE—ACROSS THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

Leaving Home—The Garden of Canada—Rocky Mountains—The Great American Desert—Humboldt Valley—Sierra Nevada Ranges—San Francisco—All Sorts and Conditions of Men—The "Spanish Nobleman"—The Queensland Squatter.



A TOUR round the world! What a host of anticipations the thought creates! Many weeks before starting on the trip we scan the atlas like gourmands consulting a bill of fare. We turn the globe on the library table as children roll an apple, looking for the choicest bite. Foreign countries seem as only so many maps, and the great cities of the world we hold, as it were, in our hands. We arrange our plans; we set a day for departure; we begin to pack our trunks, and then how quickly the last few days before we leave pass by! Too quickly, we sometimes think. The Alpine mountaineer, who in the valleys of Chamounix is

all eager to brave the ascent, loses the enthusiasm as he nears "the highest point in Europe;" his ardour cools when he knows that that for which he has striven so hard will soon be within his reach. And so it is with the traveller who leaves his home with the intention of circumnavigating the globe. Happy bridal tears are not shed in fear of the future, but at parting with the past. There is a singular pathos in performing the most trivial act when we stop to consider that we may be doing it for the last time, for years—perhaps for ever! Ordinary occurrences become invested with almost majesty when associated with those touching words: for the last time. They borrow a tenderness which is increased and softened to the heart by length of years. It may be only the putting away of a favourite book, or the folding away of a garment; but the feeling of sadness is there. We sometimes pause—unconsciously, perhaps—to watch the children playing in the streets or romping on the Green; we do not know them, but we feel constrained to linger for a moment, then hurry on. What was it?—We were just thinking of our own 'last time.' Ah, sweet spirit of youth, if we could but enter into those games

with the same keen interest that we once did, we would play there in the sunlight, yea, if our marbles had to be of solid gold and silver! And then too, those whom we have left in distant lands we remember more clearly as we saw them —the last time; and wherever it may have been, by the fireside or by the forest, the place 'receives a deeper worship' because we cannot think of one without the other.

The day of our leave-taking arrives; we take a final walk in the gardens, beneath the well-known trees, where resinous buds are bursting from the bark;—where shall we be when the fruit hangs ripe?—the old clock in the hall rings out the parting hour; a lingering farewell to home and friends and we are off.

Between the city of Toronto—the capital of the province of Ontario—and the St. Clair River, the western boundary, in the peninsula, formed by Lakes Erie, Huron and Ontario, lies the very garden of Canada. Rivers flow in all directions, little lakes are scattered throughout the country, the soil is rich and the farms are the best in the land; there is a network of railways —running north, south, east and west—and along

these are to be found thriving cities and busy towns, which have a world wide reputation for their manufactures. The names of the places are often taken from those at home. There is the city of London, on the river Thames, in the county of Middlesex; there is the German settlement, in which we find Berlin, Strasburg, Heidelburg, Baden and Breslau; and the Scotch district, with Dumfries, Ayr, Clyde, Doon, Blair and Galt,—the last named after the celebrated Scottish writer; from this town we began our travels on the 26th of March, 1890.

Late at night we crossed the river at Detroit, and early next morning we arrived in Chicago. We spent the day here, but the rainy weather prevented our seeing much beyond muddy streets and tall buildings; and in the evening we left for Omaha. From this place we took passage by the Union Pacific R. R., and were fortunate in securing a 'state room' on the train. These little, private compartments do much to mitigate the unpleasantness of travelling long distances by rail, and to overcome the ordinary inconveniences of the public sleeping car; they are about the size of a ship's cabin, and contain two

berths, a sofa and a table; at one end, curtained off, is a lavatory &c., with hot and cold water. This train is called the 'Overland Flyer,' and is one of the fastest in America. On Saturday morning we reached Cheyenne, and soon afterwards reached the highest point on the line, at an altitude of 8000 or 9000 feet. A large monument, in the form of a pyramid, marks the spot, and a sign board reads: "Summit of the Mountain." The train stopped here for a few minutes, giving the passengers an opportunity of getting out and taking a little exercise in the bracing air. The scene from the mountain top is desolate, but impressive. Huge masses of rock tumble upwards to the clouds, and the little valleys and levels are covered with buffalo grass, sage, and withered pine trunks. Far away, to the north, are the Black Hills, with a silvering of snow on their bold peaks. We passed snowshed after snowshed, until we came to Red Buttes, where we saw great sandstone rocks standing, in solitary grandeur, on the upper plains; many of these are three hundred feet high, and are formed in all sorts of shapes—some resemble castles and citadels, while others have the appearance of cathedral architecture.

Soon after midnight we got to Ogden, in the State of Utah. Utah means 'a home on the mountains.' The next day we skirted along the Great American Desert. This barren plain, stretching to the foot hills, was, no doubt, at one time, the bed of the great sea — which filled the valley, but which has now shrunk to the small proportions of the Salt Lake — a sea that was bounded by the Rocky Mountains on one side and the Sierra Nevadas on the other. Over this vast wilderness we look in vain for some green plant or tree; nothing but alkaline waste, grey sage bush and sand. To the south is Pilot Peak, which, long ago, was the land-mark for the emigrant shaping his course across the desolate valley, on his way to Humboldt Wells. Onward we speed, and, sitting at the window of the magnificent dining car—where we can choose from a *menu* of Parisian completeness, we cannot help contrasting the present and its facilities for pleasant travelling with 'old times,' when the waggon train and the ox cart were the only means by which the hardy pioneers could reach their destination in the far west. Towards evening we entered the Humboldt Valley, and the quick

change from the arid desert to the beautiful, well watered country seemed like the shifting of a scene in a play — so suddenly, at this place, does the aspect of all nature change! Great numbers of Indians throng the vicinities of the stations, painted and arrayed in bright colours. The young fellows indulge in a lot of horse play, chasing each other round the train, feigning to fight, or wrestling; for, like their white brothers, they always will endeavor to 'show off' before their superiors! The squaws, with papooses slung on their backs, generally squat about on the ground, smoking. Some have bead work to sell — moccasins, pin-cushions and caps, but most of them are simply beggars. Not far from the village of Carlin we came to the Palisades, or Twelve Mile Cañon. Here the towering rocks threatened to close above us, as the train wound in and out among the giant boulders — a counterpart of the noisy stream which rushed, boiling, at our feet; Gravely Ford, in the old days, was the scene of many a hard fought battle with the Indians—as here the old 'California Trail' crossed the river. It was the resting place of the emigrant in more ways

than one. For one hundred and forty miles we travelled across the Nevada Desert, another dreary, uninteresting plain. Only, at Humboldt, we were surprised to find a little oasis in this barren expanse; a small park filled with thrifty trees, and green grass plots, surrounds the station, while a miniature fountain moistens the air with its cooling spray. About six miles away is Star Peak,—the highest mountain in the range,—crowned with a diadem of snow. It was the sunset hour when we reached this place, and for miles back we had been watching the light stealing away up the mountain side, the patches of snow drift becoming tinged with pink, and the darker hollows seeming to scarify the cliff in bloodstone fissures. That night we passed over the Sierra Nevada Ranges; and at dawn on the following morning arrived at Sacramento. From here to San Francisco we passed through one of the most beautiful tracts of country I have ever seen. Everything was so green, so luxuriant; we could hardly believe that the blossoms on the fruit trees were natural, or the orange trees and the stately eucalypti other than pictured objects in the moving panorama. The broad

Sacramento River at our feet, flowing seaward; the lovely palm bordered avenues extending to the foot hills, and the verdant *mesas*, upon which handsome residences could be seen embowered in acacias, gravilleas and spreading pepper trees. Those were some of the features of the pleasant landscape, and there, side by side, the Norway pine, and the elm, the banana, and the camphor tree flourished in perpetuity. The deep waters of the bay, sparkling in the sunlight, lay before us, stretching away for miles, till the rolling tide became lost in the grey mists that merged into the hills which rose above the Santa Clara valley. To the right Mount Tamalpais reared its crest aloft nearly 3,000 feet above the Pacific Ocean, below the cliff opening to the sea, was the beautiful entrance to the harbour,—the Golden Gate; behind us the Contra Costa Mountains and Mount Diablo mounted upward till their tops commingled with the clouds; in the foreground was the Island of Alcatraz, and beyond it the city of San Francisco. We arrived at the outlying suburb, Oakland, at nine o'clock, thus making the trip, excluding stoppages and corrected time, in exactly one hundred hours (four days and four

hours); distance, 2,700 miles. Yet the Canadian Pacific Railroad does better, making the run from Vancouver to Montreal (2,906 miles) in ninety-six hours.

Few places afford better opportunities for the study of human nature and character than the American overland train. How many different classes of people we meet: the man of business, to whom the cities of the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts have but one attraction; the easy-going tourist, light-loaded with valise and wraps; the worried-to-death paterfamilias, with trunks and carpet bags, enough to be entered as 'extra baggage;' young swells from the large cities of the East, and old miners from the Sierras of the West; the man who is at home in all the capitals of Europe, and the woman who has wandered but little beyond the 'concession line' of her native township, sit at the same table; in dress they are both up to the latest style (in fact the feminality of Bushman's Corners is, if anything, more prompt than her New York sister in copying the newest fashion plates), but, while the one picks out the dainties from the *carte*, the other cautiously

avoids the 'unknown quantity,' and would almost as readily forfeit half her passage money as hazard her inexperienced palate with a *hors d'œuvre*. It takes all kinds of people to make up a world. When we were coming across the plains I heard a man make a remark about the prairie being something like an ocean in its appearance. "Yes," said his companion, "and ain't it an elegant uninterrupted view?" This reminded me of the Arab dragoman who said to the traveller, "See, excellency, see! beautiful scene; all one desert; magnificent!" Warm hearted, free and easy people are the Americans, but so many of them have an uncontrollable inquisitive curiosity. I often think of a little incident which occurred on the *Bothnia*. When I was travelling in the East, I had bought some of those pretty gold and green beetles found on Elephanta Island, India, and had had them set in a brooch; one day pinning my rug across my knees with it, I saw one of my American friends taking particular notice of it, and after a while she came up, and, rubbing the shining scales with her finger, said, "Say, is them bugs?" I must explain that, in the States,

everything entomological is classed under the name of 'bugs.' How very often we are mistaken in our ideas of our fellow men, forgetting the 'skimmed milk masquerade.' When the train had left Tecoma station (depots they are called here) we saw that there was a new comer on board. He was, evidently, a Spanish American, with a name which must have been handed down, or borrowed, from the middle ages of Castilian history. He was dressed faultlessly, displayed no jewellery except an old fashioned signet ring, and had the bearing of a patrician of the most aristocratic descent. I met him in the smoking car, in the evening, and was struck with the terseness and purity of his language. We wondered who he might be; we associated him with one of the ancient families of old Hispania, and with hidalgos, caballeros, fandangos, grenados, and everything else that we thought might pertain to his supposed native land; in fact, we built up quite a romance around this polished individual. Just before we reached Sacramento our 'foreign nobleman' passed through the car and handed his card to each person, and on it was printed—

GRAND NEVADA RESTAURANT

(In connection with Stinney's barber shop)

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

Alvarez Pedro Manuel D'Alicante.—Prop'r.

Amongst the passengers were a young 'squatter' and his wife; they were returning to Queensland after a six months' trip to Europe. He told us that his station was ten miles from the nearest neighbor and fifteen from a post office, and that to reach either, they had to cross a river in a ferry. In answer to a question about their being lonely—"Oh, No," he said, "we get used to it, and we are both fond of reading. I have one of the best private libraries in the colony and subscribe to half a dozen London papers and magazines." "Besides we play cribbage nearly every evening," added his charming little wife. I could imagine I saw his ranch, far away there, amid gum trees, she-oaks and honeysuckles, with its low roof and wide verandahs, its little garden in front and the paddocks, stretching away in the distance, rolling upward to where the green ranges loomed like giant palisades against the northern sky. I

could see again the scene at the close of day: the sheep, being drafted into their quarters, the cattle coming in through the slip panels, the fowls flying up with much ado to their roost on the roof ridge of the shed, and the dogs at the stables, barking as though a kangaroo *battue* were going on. High up in the bluey-pink sky, like a white aerostat, a solitary cockatoo screams her complaint to the world below as she circles her way homeward; long shadows slowly steal across the grass, and the underparts of every object brighten in low sunlight; while across the meadows comes the sound of a bell or horn, when the men are called to supper and to rest. Yes, truly, home is where contentment is and where affection dwells. How beautiful and how true are the words of Omar Khayyam, the Persian poet—

> A book of verse underneath the bough;
> A jug of wine; a loaf of bread; and thou
> Beside me singing in the wilderness
> O, wilderness were Paradise enow.

Thus sang Omar, "the tent maker," by the walls of Nìsháṕúr, in the land of the Khorássán, eight centuries ago.

It makes but little difference where our lot is cast—whether amid the wilds of a new colony or within the precincts of a crowded metropolis, all is the same. If we have a roof over our head, food for body, food for mind and our dear ones round about us, whether it be in a wilderness of sand or a wilderness of chimney tops, we should dwell in contentment, love and peace.

CHAPTER II.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

Streets and Gardens—Sutro Heights—The Seal Rocks—Cliff House and Beach—Easter Sunday—"Chinatown"—Opium Dens—Chinese Restaurants—American Hotels—"Palaces" and "Professors."

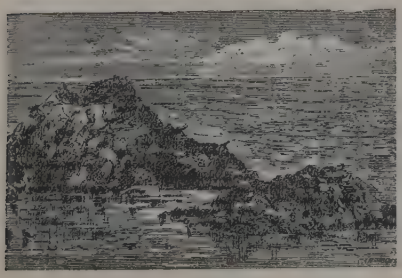
CALIFORNIA was discovered by the Spaniards in 1542; but it was not till 1769 that a permanent settlement was formed. (Sir Francis Drake—in the *Golden Hind*—did not land here, but at Point de los Reyes, a smaller bay a few miles to the north of the Golden Gate). In 1766 Junipero Serra, the head of the Franciscan Friars at San Diego, established the Mission Dolores; and after this the little colony was called Yerba Buena. The Mission at Monterey was organized about the same time, which was nearly ten years after the date on which the Jesuits were expelled from Mexico. The Americans 'annexed' California in 1846; two years later gold was discovered; from that time San Francisco has made wonderful progress; at the present time (1890) it has a population of 325,000.

The city is built upon hills, some of them very steep, which gives to it an appearance not unlike that of Quebec; this is particularly noticeable when approaching the city from Oakland. Up and down these hills and out in the suburbs the cable cars are running continually, from early morning till midnight. It caused a strange feeling, on coming to a hill, to find the tram going up the incline at the same speed as on the level; and then when we reached the crest and looked down it almost made us dizzy to see the railway falling away in converging lines, like a ladder viewed from the top of a building—against which it is placed, and instinctively we braced ourselves more firmly in our seats. But the car moves downward with the same easy motion, stopping at each street, where, of course, there is a section of level track. The streets, which are laid out in regular blocks, are broad, though they are poorly paved; and they are remarkably clean, being in every way an improvement on those of New York. There are a few small squares and gardens in the city, but the principal pleasure ground is Golden Gate park, which contains over 1000 acres. Half a dozen little lakes

ornament this park, with grottoes, arbours and monuments; and the carriage drives and foot-paths are all kept in excellent order. It is the fashionable 'drive' of the city, where the showy horse and the gorgeous four-in-hand spin along the broad avenues, which are carefully watered to keep down the dust.

Not far from here are Sutro Heights, Cliff House and the Seal Rocks—all on the sea shore. These are, perhaps, the greatest attraction which San Francisco has to offer; for 'Frisco without the seal Rocks would be like Sydney without the 'harbour,' Brussels without 'Waterloo' or Cairo without the 'Pyramids.' The usual way to go there is to take the California-street cable car to the Park and then the Ferries R. R. to the Heights; Sutro Gardens are private property, but open to the public. The place is situated on a cliff and is 200 feet above the sea, it is laid out in beautiful gardens, with winding paths, terraces and esplanades; there is a profusion of flowers and flowering shrubs, and along the borders are 'carpet' flower beds, in which a design is reproduced in colored flowers. Scattered throughout the gardens and above, on the terraces, are groups

of statuary: Cupid and Innocence welcome us at the gate; Venus and Hebe hide in the leafy foliage by the circle; Goethe and Beethoven stand before the library door; Eros and Prometheus are perched on the upper parapet, while Mercury and the Gladiator guard the rocks below. From 'Inspiration Point' we get a grand view of the Pacific Ocean; to the north are the green shores of Marin county, Mount Tamalpais and the Golden Gate; whilst landward we can trace the railway running along by the yellow sand hill, to pierce the tunnelled cliffs above the bay. Below Sutro Heights is the Cliff House; a two-story hotel of medium size built for the accommodation of day visitors mostly. Large verandahs extend over the water at each floor; these are 20 feet wide and are provided with chairs and tables; the interior of the house is fitted with refreshment rooms, bars and dining halls. In front, about 400 yards from shore, are the Seal Rocks, where



THE SEAL ROCKS.

hundreds of seals may be seen every day. The rocks seem to be alive with them—climbing up the sides, sliding from place to place, swimming about in the frothy waters, old residents fighting new comers, or at peace, lazily basking side by side, in the sun. These animals live here year after year, never deserting the rocks, and never being disturbed—for the Government protects them from molestation. In colour they are dark grey when wet, but when the fur is dry it changes to a tawny yellow, All day long they keep up an unending row, barking and roaring as though they were about to tear each other in pieces. Sometimes two or three young seals, envious of a comfortable corner occupied by a fat old sea lion, will proceed to attack him, craning their necks, barking and snapping at him until, for the sake of peace, the big fellow will roll off the ledge and plunge into the sea, splashing the spray high up on the grey rocks. From the Cliff House verandah, visitors can see every movement in this changing picture; and people sit there for hours, gazing through field glasses and telescopes at the novel spectacle.

A fine sandy beach stretches southward from

the Cliff for miles; and this is a favorite resort for bathers—or rather 'paddlers.' Here, in warm weather, young ladies may be seen, wading about in the rippling water or chasing the receding waves--to be chased in return by the incoming breakers; running along on the hard sea shore, or lolling, *au negligees*, on the sun baked ridges, where the sand is white and dry, and the little hillocks are cushioned with tufts of soft grass. There is an exhibition of high spirits—and high dresses—which might shock some of our prudish, maidens at home, for these water-nymphs are not averse to revealing the beauties of their pink 'tootsies!' And why should it be thought an immodest proceeding? They are thoroughly girlish in all their gambols; thoroughly innocent in their intentions. It is a treat to come across a really 'girlish' girl, one free from the antiquated airs of an affected post-maturity; who, while being a subject of surprise and delight, also reminds us that in the dull stream of social inanities that flows along by the Highway of Life there is still to be found pure water from nature's own clear spring, though it be hidden from sight by this or by that which floats on the surface!

We were in San Francisco on Easter Sunday, and went to see the churches, some of which were beautifully decorated. I never before saw such quantities of flowers; they seemed to be heaped up in banks and scattered over everything. Grace church was a very pretty sight; hundreds of flowers were used in the decorations, completely covering the columns and fringing the woodwork along the front of the church. There in the chancel, was a handsome cross made of white violets embedded in a border of green hops and maidenhair ferns; while wreaths of gilly-flowers and calla lilies were twined round the font and the pulpit. On the choir railing were festoons of ferns and lilies, and the windows were adorned with marguerites, moss and daisies. In front of the main entrance, standing against the wall, was a large cross of red-wood—ten or twelve feet high—ornamented with fronds of the marsh fern and a chain of St. Joseph lilies. At the end of each aisle were boxes containing growing palms, the rough wood being concealed by mounds of La France roses. Dozens of lights illumined the darker parts of the interior, giving

to the purple iris and the lilies a delicate, transparent appearance!

Oh! what a contrast to this beautiful, soul inspiring scene was that which met our eyes almost immediately on our departure from the portals of the church. There, not more than a block away, was the noise and bustle of an ordinary week day; theatres were preparing for the *matinee* or evening performance, trams were carrying thousands to the various resorts of pleasure, waggon loads of boisterous hoodlums clattered down the streets, and fast horses (and equally fast men and women) raced along the dusty roads bound for baseball or picnic grounds. In the afternoon we saw a crowd of nearly 5000 returning from Baker's Gardens, where they had been witnessing a balloon ascension. Tobacconists, fruiterers, confectioners, tailors, oyster saloons, bars and beer shops were open and doing a rushing business; with many of them the Sunday receipts are larger than that of any other day excepting Saturday.

In the very heart of San Francisco is the Chinese quarter, occupying 10 blocks; this was, at one time, the most fashionable part of the city. The

'colony' started in 1850, and for many years the celestials confined themselves to a comparatively small area; but as their numbers increased street after street was added to 'Chinatown,' and the former residents were compelled to move away and seek homes in other localities, as the new comers made it almost impossible for white men to live in the neighborhood; and, in consequence, property depreciated in value. In 1860-65 the principal hotel in 'Frisco was the 'Grand,' on Dupont street,—built to accommodate 300 guests; it is, to-day, tenanted by 2000 Chinamen! Their shops, restaurants, theatres, Joss houses, &c., are fitted up and conducted in the same manner as those in the Flowery Kingdom; their costumes are the same, and the decorations are similar to those so lavishly displayed in the cities and towns of China. We obtained a guide to take us through the 'underground' section of their district; here, in dens which an Englishman would not consider fit for his dogs, thousands of celestials lived—thirty or forty of them cramming into a space scarcely large enough for one white family. Shelves and wooden platforms, which serve as beds, were built round the room, and there, coiled up

on little bundles of dirty rags, we saw the wretched opium smokers lying about in the various stages of excitement, semi-unconsciousness, and complete prostration. On one side a new arrival was getting his pipe ready, carefully rolling the sticky opium on a large bodkin and heating it over a lamp flame till it softened; across the passage two or three were reclining with their heads resting on straps nailed to blocks of wood, puffing clouds of vile vapor into the already smoke-suffused, fetid atmosphere. In some places recumbent forms were stretched out at full length, looking like so many mummies; only their quick breathing and the involuntary clutching of their talon-like fingers showed them to be alive—but dead to all sense of sound and sight and feeling. Nothing could be more ghastly than this drug-fumed creature; the mouth agape and the lips drawn back from the yellow teeth; the half shut, bleary eyes, glazed and death like; the gaunt, scantily clothed figure, and the sallow, bony face—having more resemblance to a skull than a human countenance!

These opium cellars are off the streets, and reached by dark passages and narrow alley ways

which run between buildings occupied by the very lowest order of Mongolians. When we were coming away we met two policemen bringing in a wounded 'chinky' who had been set upon by hoodlums; and then there was a fine row! It seemed as though the stones in the walls and the planks of the sidewalks and balconies had suddenly turned into Chinamen; heads were poked out of doorways and windows, and a long procession followed the victim and his not too tender guardians; each man was giving his own version of the affray at the top of his voice, and demonstrating it with an amount of hand flourishing, head shaking and spitting that was truly alarming; while pig-tails danced in the air like the proverbial eels on the gridiron; we almost expected to see them stand straight up in the excitement! After the almond eyed invalid had been handed over to his sorrowing countrymen, the policemen returned, kicked their way through the crowd, and preceded us into the street.

The better class of Chinese live a very different sort of life to this; and many of the wealthy tea merchants and importers have comfortable, well appointed homes, but furnished to



CHINESE RESTAURANT. SAN FRANCISCO.

their own ideas of taste—*a la Chinois*. Most people imagine that all Chinamen look alike, but this is a mistake; there is as marked a difference between the vulgar herd and the educated Chinaman as there is between the higher and lower orders of Europeans. The restaurants are remarkable for their elaborate decoration; the fittings and furniture have all been brought from China, and the greater part is rich in material and design. In some of these tea rooms they have a suite of apartments, with division screens of beautifully carved wood inlaid with mother of pearl and ivory; the tables, chairs and settees are made of the same dark wood—something similar to Irish bog oak—and are covered, like the screens, with grotesque figures or mosaic work. Paper, silk, and crystal lanterns hang round the room from the ceiling and on brackets; little octagon tables are always 'set' with plates of sweetmeats, candied fruits, sugar nuts, &c.; and hot tea is kept in readiness. Although the well to do Chinese patronise the restaurants and entertain their guests there, the proprietors make a better thing out of the visitors to San Francisco who flock to them in thousands;

some to buy trinkets, others out of mere curiosity.

We had heard that San Francisco was noted for its magnificent hotels, but we had no idea that there was anything so grand as the Palace Hotel. It occupies the entire block, and is seven stories high, not including the basement. The large, central courtyard is 150 feet long and 80 feet wide, is roofed over with glass, and has galleries supported by iron pillars which run round at each floor, the top one being used as a conservatory, in which dwarf palms and trailing vines relieve the plain white walls and balustrades. There are no less than 755 bedrooms! Yet with all this palatial splendor we may seek in vain for the solid comfort to be found in the hotels of England and Canada; besides, the charges at any first class hotel in the United States are nearly twice as much as the rates at the Grand in London, the Royal in Edinburgh, Menzies' in Melbourne, or the Queen's in Toronto. An Australian coffee palace will give a much better dinner than these mammoth concerns in the States ever provide for their guests; and you will get more delicacies, better attendance, and be required to

pay less money. A display of bright plated ware, a white table napkin starched to the stiffness of tin, and a colored waiter (who is just about as unbending) are ornamental enough and very nice to look at,—if you have the nerve to take such liberty with the last; but, they are not satisfying to the hungry stomach; and the impudence of some of these hotel servants is something astounding! If tourists travelling in the States were to patronise good second class hotels they would not only find more comfortable quarters but receive better treatment than they are likely to get at the great, cheerless 'palaces' the American is so fond of boasting about—when he is away from home.

The shopkeepers here know how to display their stocks to the best advantage. There are furriers' windows arrayed to represent scenes from the wild wood or mountain fastness, wherein are stuffed animals—bears, wolves, panthers and smaller game; the florists and fruiterers show flowers and berries growing on the plants and bushes—to be picked off only when sold; in the greengrocers' shops the vegetables placed on blocks of ice, look cool and fresh; and the windows of the confectioners present all sorts of tasty tempta-

tions in the way of cakes and candies, which are as bread and meat to the average American girl. But, perhaps, the most attractive show windows are those of the jewellery shops; there is one place in particular—called the 'Diamond Palace' —where there is a perfect blaze of precious stones and gold and silver work of exquisite design. On the walls and ceilings are life size figures of Eastern beauties, warriors and princes, painted by eminent artists; and the jewels decorating the costumes and those in the crowns and on the sword hilts are real! This pretty conceit is well arranged; the gems being set and then fastened to the wall with cement; the brilliant effect produced by the electric light flashing on the clusters of rubies, diamonds, opals and emeralds can hardly be described.

By the way, there seems to be a great number of 'palaces' in this democratic country, where 'all men are free and equal;' one would think the high-sounding name would be too suggestive of the abodes of princes and of royalty to find favour in republican eyes; but no, they appear to delight in emblazoning the word on anything from a shabby gin shop to an immense barn-like hotel

In Australia the term is commonly limited to coffee-houses, but here nothing short of 'palace' may express the gorgeous glitter of the railway sleeping cars and the river steamboats. And where there are so many palaces it is but natural that we should find a corresponding exuberance of 'titled' individuals! There is an old saying which tells us that we should not believe half that we hear, and if we trusted to our sense of hearing only we certainly should have been led to believe that every second town in the States was a military station, and the other a university town—from the number of 'colonels' 'professors' and 'doctors,' not to speak of the cognomenal representatives of 'blinded Justice' we met on the train!

It is amusing to read American criticisms of England and of English customs,—amusing because we know that, generally speaking, they are born of envy and jealousy. The American Republic of sixty millions does not take kindly to playing second fiddle in the 'game of nations'; for, notwithstanding Yankee bluster, there the fact remains that the greatest *true* 'republic' in the world is the British Empire, with its three hundred

million loyal subjects! If it were not for American newspapers these two nations would be on better terms to-day.

I was in Chicago when President Cleveland was 'swinging round the circle,' October, 1887; and the morning after his arrival I read a description (in the *Inter-Ocean*, I think) of the 'procession,' in which the writer said that the President would see more wealth during his drive through the city than a British sovereign could see if he trundled up and down old England for a century! And this stuff is swallowed by the masses, coming as it does from one of the most influential papers in the country. We hear not a little about this land of liberty and justice, but if an admirer of J. Fenimore Cooper were to turn from that author's delightful works and peruse the unromantic fiction in the annals of the Indian Bureau—the American 'Star-chamber'—at Washington, it would make the 'gentle reader' gasp! I have a book before me, written by an American who speaks of English girls in the following manner:—"They are kept like children or babies. The English young lady spends a great deal of her time with her governess or nurse.

The American girl, sitting at the table with her elders from the time she is able to sit on her high chair, unconsciously gets a great deal of that high education that comes from contact with superior minds." The writer is a comedian by profession; and if he be half as comical on the stage as he is on paper, his buffoonery must be eminently successful. Imagine, if you please, 'that high education' which we are supposed to find in the household of the average American ward politician! I think the 'superior minds' belong to the English young lady and her governess.

CHAPTER III.

POINT DE GALLE, CEYLON. BOMBAY AND THE MALABAR COAST, INDIA.

The Old Dutch Town—Catamarans—Wackwalla—Cinnamon Gardens —The Malabar Coast—Goa—Bombay—Esplanade Hotel—Natives and the Native Town—Apollo Bunder—The Parsees: Wedding and Funeral Customs—The "Towers of Silence"—Caves of Elephanta—Brama-Vishnu-Siva—Snake-charmers—Hindoo Belief.

WE arrived at Pt. de Galle, Ceylon, early in the morning on the 11th of December. When we had sailed into the harbor we were immediately surrounded by a crowd of jabbering Cingalese, who came out to us in their catamarans. They climbed to deck, bringing with them a varied assortment of merchandise: singing birds, cockatoos and 'love birds,' fruit, flowers, and lace, curiosities and precious stones. The 'gems' were mostly imitation but the setting was cleverly done. (So were some of our passengers!) The town presents a very picturesque appearance to the bay, with its old-fashioned red-tiled houses, its tall, white light-house rising from a grove of palms, and the graceful looking cocoa-trees which fringe the

shores as far as the eye can see. Here we saw scores of brown winged kites flying about the steamer and along the water. The place was first settled (by Europeans) by the Portuguese about the beginning of the 16th century—1505; they were succeeded by the Dutch, in 1660, and these gave way to the English in the latter part of the last century. Portions of the Dutch fort still remain, the walls moss grown and black with age and from the effects of the moist atmosphere.

After breakfast we went ashore in a catamaran. These Cingalese boats are something like a double canoe, a large one and a smaller; the little one—or outrigger—is simply a round, curved log tapering at the ends, and looking much like a huge banana; the heavier "dug out" is boxed around the sides and seated, and is generally fitted with a short mast. When we got through settling with the rascally boatman, after having, as usual, a row over the charges which he tried to impose on us, we proceeded to the Oriental Hotel.

It is a singular fact that if you take any steamer at any port in any part of the world and watch the passengers disembark, you will find that

they make a bee line for the best hotel: it matters not how short their stay may be, or that the places they intend to 'do' must fully take up their time, the caravansary comes first on the list. It is the rendezvous on arriving and before leaving.

We spent the morning strolling about the streets, seeing the bazaars and buying curiosities; but, here, as in all Asiatic towns, it is a mistake to give the price that is first asked for an article. Some of the little caskets which they sell are very pretty, being inlaid with silver, ivory, ebony and sandalwood; I cannot understand how they make these things for the money, the workmanship is beautiful, and the mosaic pattern is executed so perfectly that it looks like a woven fabric. The Cingalese costume is unique, particularly the thimble shaped hat; the men let their hair grow long, doing it up in a little knob at the back of the head, to crown which they stick an immense tortoise shell comb—like those of the kind worn by our grandmothers.

We took 'tiffin' at the hotel, and then engaged a carriage to take us out to Wackwalla, a favourite resort of tourists who visit Galle. After crossing



THE BUNGALOW. WACKWALLA.

the old Dutch canal, and passing by the fort, the road seemed to have been cut through a perfect wilderness of palms and cocoa-trees; and among them the natives have built their huts, scattered about in picturesque confusion. As we passed by the children came running after us to sell bits of coffeewood, cinnamon, and nutmeg in the rind with the mace winding round it like a scarlet vein. We arrived at the Bungalow in a little less than an hour. It stands on a hill overlooking the cinnamon gardens, and from it we obtained an extensive view. Below us were innumerable gardens, all under irrigation; farther on was the main road bordered with palms and mangoes; and for the background to the scene was a ridge of mountain peaks, broken by gap and gully. We rested for an hour on the long, shady verandahs, and while a pitcher of claret cup was being brewed; some of our party tried to get up a mild flirtation with two or three dark eyed maidens who were peeping through the half open jealousies. Our carriage coming to the door was a signal, I believe, to every beggar within half a mile; they crowded round us, entreating us to buy or give, while we had a string of them

following us the whole way back to town, some offering green cocoa-nuts for sale, others flowers, but most had nothing to sell—simply crying :—"backsheesh." There was one man with a little model of a catamaran, and it was even betting with us whether he was a man or a woman, so much alike in the face are the sexes here, and the little knot of hair with the comb complete the illusion. When we reached the hotel, afternoon tea was being served in the large open hall, on the verandah. After a walk through the fruit market, and the purchasing of a few more curiosities—elephant's teeth, and small "Jumbos" carved in ivory, ebony and sandalwood—we returned to the steamer; and in the evening left Ceylon, "the land of the hyacinth and the ruby."

We crossed the Gulf of Manaar next day, and came within sight of land—Southern India—and continued so until the 15th, on which day we arrived at Bombay. Those three days were delightful. On our left was the Arabian Sea, where Arab 'buggalows' rested drowsily on the placid waters, their brown, patched sails harmonising with the oriental appearance of their variformed hulls; on the right was the ever

changing landscape of the coast, outlined by the rocky heights of the Ghaut Mountains. The sea being smooth as a mill pond, the piano was brought on deck, and, as there was no lack of talent on board, we had plenty of music—vocal and instrumental. The most enjoyable part of the day was the hour after dinner, when the passengers assembled on deck in the cool of the evening; a large awning was stretched over the after part of the vessel, and under the centre was hung a row of lanterns. To the coasting steamers which we met every now and then we must have presented a very pretty sight, when all the ports were open, the red and green lights at the fore, and each mast and spar silvered by the light of the great, tropical moon. We passed the ancient city of Goa on the second day. Goa! I never think of the name without associating it with the terrible Inquisition. This was the place which Marryatt chose—in *The Phantom Ship*—as the scene where poor Amine ended her life, by being burnt at the stake. I have an old book in which Goa is spoken of as a city "where the most unheard of cruelties were long exercised over thousands of the poor, ignorant, unsuspecting

inhabitants, on the score of religion, . . It is generally agreed that the men are, for the most part, proud, indolent, jealous, revengeful and indigent; the women, lazy, lewd, and as well skilled in poisoning as any in the world." Nice place that city must have been in 'ye olden dayes!'

We arrived at Bombay on Thursday, 15th of December, and our steamer went into dry dock for two or three weeks. Landing from a steam launch at the Mazagon Bunder, we took a buggy to the fort or European part of the town. After driving about for an hour or two, making inquiries about hotels, &c., we finally established ourselves at the "Esplanade," or Watson's Hotel. It is a very large hotel, and is mostly built of iron, which was sent out from home and put up here. One consignment was lost on the voyage; so they say—"The walls are built on the Esplanade and the roof is in the Red Sea." There is an extensive outfitting establishment on the ground floor, where tourists can be supplied with everything necessary for travelling. Every bedroom has a Hindoo attendant, besides the coolie water carrier who does the menial work. The 'boy' will not let you do a hand's turn if he can help it, he

wants you to allow him to do everything that requires the least exertion, in order that you may feel he is of assistance to you—and you very soon fall into the way! The first thing in the morning,—6 o'clock, he brings in a cup of tea and some thin bread and butter, then he prepares your bath; while the tubbing is going on he opens the venetian blinds of your room, chases the flies out, and brushes your clothes. Breakfast is not announced until 9, so you may either stay in bed and read the paper which Tippo has brought up, or take a walk in the cool morning air; but whenever you do get dressed, he is on hand to hold the towel, putting on and lacing your boots, buttoning your collar and coat; in fact your whole toilet is 'personally conducted' by this supple 'son of Brahma.' The first few days we felt the heat very much, as the thermometer registered 92 deg. in the shade; and we appreciated the punkahs which were constantly kept swaying to and fro. All the punkahwallahs were dressed in long white tunics, with green or yellow sashes tied round their waists; some wore immense red turbans and others little black caps embroidered with gold lace. They were cer-

tainly ornamental as well as useful, brightening up the great diningroom with their attractive costumes.

Bombay is celebrated for containing a greater variety of the human race than any other city in the world; not only are all the different castes of India represented, but people from every country of Europe and Asia—every little sub-division and principality—are here; the Bedouin in his black and white bernouse, the pig tailed Chinaman, with the Javanese and the Hottentot seem to be as much at home as though each were in his own country. The Parsees and Mahometans get themselves up gorgeously; as so do some of the Hindoos, but most of these wear nothing but the loin cloth; while the younger portion of the population are "clothed with the four quarters of the sky."* The Hindoo women are ugly as a rule, they wear reddish brown shawls twisted round their waists and hanging down to their knees; and all of them have large silver rings fastened through their noses, on the left side. The 'native town' is the most interesting part of Bombay. The streets are narrow and crooked,

*A Hindoo phrase for nakedness.

and in driving through them you are sure to be blocked every few minutes; then your man shouts at the top of his voice and lashes the crowd, it yells back at him and you move slowly onward, probably upsetting somebody's stock-in-trade of bananas or rice cakes, when you will hear Hindostani spoken in real earnest! In our wanderings, particularly along the Kalbadavee and Commatee-poora roads, we have seen many strange sights. Everything is un-English, and a touch of Orientalism is found wherever we go—about the hotels, at the clubs, and in the houses of our fellow countrymen—the buggalow homes of Bombay's citizens. We could hardly realise that we were still under British rule, and that these people unite with us in upholding the same flag, and in loyalty to the same Queen. There is a great number of native policemen patrolling the streets; fine looking fellows they are, in dark blue uniform with bright yellow caps shaped like our 'tam o' shanters.' They always salute Englishmen whether they be officers or civilians. The first day we were out sight seeing, one of the party, an American, "guessed" they mistook him for someone else!

The houses in the native quarter are very high, and each seems to have been built according to the peculiar taste of its owner; they have little verandahs, projecting over the street at each story, and the shops (small box like compartments about ten feet square), are open to the roadway. Many of the buildings were erected in the last century, and are decorated with carved woodwork, grotesque figures representing idols, elephants, monkeys, serpents and human beings. Each trade has its own particular location; in one place we find only fruit and vegetable stalls, flowers and herbs; further on we see silk, lace, linen and other piece goods hanging in front of the booths. One street is occupied by workers in copper and brass, another by dealers in silver and gold. But perhaps the most animated scenes are to be witnessed in the *Borah* Bazaar. These borahs are like our travelling pedlars, but here they are looked upon as a class of people much above the ordinary itinerant, and in the country they do an immense amount of business. "Many of these men are wealthy, and have large stocks to trade with. Jewellery from Trichinopoly and Delhi, London, and Paris; shawls from Cashmere and Umritsur,

Rampore chudders, Dacca muslins, Cutch and Cashmere silver and gold work, silks and satins from China and Europe, all the stores of the milliner's, hosier's, and haberdasher's shops—Bombay workboxes, cornelians, agates, pearls, rubies and diamonds."

Buggies, bullock-carts, and gharries are the usual means of travel among the natives, (palanquins are seldom used now) but there are plenty of cabs and hansoms for hire. We saw very few Europeans on the streets between 11 in the morning and 4 in the afternoon; it was too hot. The Apollo Bunder is the great resort in the evening. There, from 5 until 7, the bands of the (native) regiments play, and scores of carriages fill up the roadway; for this seems to be a fashionable recreation of the upper ten hundred of Bombay. The horses are not driven up and down the road, but are brought to a standstill in the vicinity of the pavillion; and round about the carriages the gentlemen saunter, pausing now and then to exchange a word or two with the fair occupants, or to linger longer by the side of one more favoured than the rest: pleasant occupation, where the senses are equally charmed by

the maiden, the music, and the manilla. We went there nearly every evening, to meet our friends and to pass an hour or two before dinner. The costumes worn by the liveried servants are wonderful examples of what can be done with plenty of material and color; blue cloth and silver lace, and scarlet and gold predominating. But the most conspicuous turn-out was that of Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, Bart.,—conspicuous on account of being driven by the only English coachman in the city.

Bombay has been the head quarters of the Parsees for a century. Originally from Persia, where they were a great nation centuries before the Christian era, they settled here about the end of the last century; and since then they have thriven amazingly. The wealthiest bankers and merchants in the city are Parsees; many of them hold prominent positions in social as well as commercial circles, and in the learned societies of the professions. They are noted for their liberality, and some of the finest buildings in Bombay owe their existence to the munificence of Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, Sir Cowasjee Jehanghier, Premchund Roychund, and other Parsees. Their

dress is peculiar: over a muslin skirt, or waistcoat, they wear a long, loose fitting white frock coat reaching to the knees; fancy colored silk trousers —red, yellow, blue, white or speckled, and a black or brown turban, which, unlike the Turkish head-gear, is not wide, but runs up slantingly and then slopes backward, something like a bishop's mitre. The Parsee lady wears a silk shirt-vest next the skin, and fine silk pyjamis (trousers) fastened round the waist by a '*kusti*,' or sacred girdle; the bodice is richly embroidered, and the over dress, which is generally colored silk or satin, is bordered with silken tassels or gold braid and folded round the waist, one part falling gracefully to the feet and the other end being thrown over the shoulders. Pretty little slippers are worn, and the dear creatures have a weakness for displaying jewellery. One authority states that "Parsee ladies possess jewellery worth from £500 to £20,000 sterling!" I have sometimes met half a dozen ladies walking along the promenade at Back Beach, each wearing a different color—pink, white, yellow, green, &c., but all dressed in beautiful silk, which clung to their

shapely figures in ethereal folds, investing them with a chaste, *spirituel* appearance.

The Parsees are followers of Zoroaster; though they deny being worshippers of fire, they hold it sacred because "its brightness, activity, purity and incorruptibility bears the most perfect resemblance to the nature and perfection of the Deity."

A Parsee wedding is a very interesting ceremony: from it we get our idea of 'throwing rice.' "First of all the bride and the bridegroom are seated opposite each other on handsome chairs, and then a piece of cloth is held between them as a curtain, so as to screen them from each other's sight. Under this curtain they are made to hold each other's right hand in their grasp. Then another piece of cloth is placed round so as to encircle them, and the ends of the cloth are tied together by a double knot. . . . On completing the seventh round, the twist is tied seven times over the joined hands of the couple, as well as round the double knot of the ends of the cloth previously put about them. When this is over incense is burnt on a fire placed in a flat metallic vase, after which the curtain is suddenly dropped down, and the bride and bridegroom,

who have each been provided with a few grains of rice, hasten to throw them at one another. This is followed by a clapping of hands from the ladies, who are seated round the bridal pair, and the applause is taken up by the gentlemen outside. The eyes of all, particularly of the ladies, are upon the pair to see which succeeds in first throwing the rice, as soon as the curtain is withdrawn. The one who is successful is supposed to evince the more love and affection of the two!" At the conclusion of the ceremony the priest blesses them, giving the prescribed advice from the *Zend Avesta*:—"Be worthy to do good deeds; think of nothing but the truth; shun all bad actions; do not indulge in scandals; do not entertain wicked jealousy; be as brilliant as the sun; be as pure as the moon; always keep good faith, and as soul is united with the body so be you united, friendly to your friends, brothers, wife and children."*

Their mode of disposal of the dead is also peculiar. On the top of Malabar Hill are the Towers of Silence, which, in the distance, look

* *History of the Parsees.*—Dosabhai Framji Karaka. C.S.I.

like large gas works, painted white; one is 20 feet high and 90 feet in diameter, and is built of stone faced with stucco. In the inside is a platform all round and sloping downward to the centre; this is divided by little slabs of stone and passages—or drains—leading down to a deep well over which there is a grating. Smaller drains, provided with charcoal filters, radiate from the bottom of this pit to other wells, When a Parsee dies the body is brought here, carried into the tower through a small opening, and placed in one of the little divisions, (outside for males, middle part for females, inner row for children), and there it is left *to the birds of prey!* The tower having no roof it is only a few moments before flocks of horrid looking vultures swoop down within the walls and begin their hideous meal. "When the corpse has been completely stripped of its flesh by the vultures, which is generally accomplished within one hour at the outside, and when the bones of the denuded skeleton are perfectly dried up by the powerful heat of a tropical sun and other atmospheric influence, they are thrown into this pit, where they crumble into dust—the rich

and the poor thus meeting together after death in one common level of equality."*

The Mahometans bury their dead, but the Hindoos burn the bodies. We dropped in one day when we were taking a walk along the Queen's-road, to see the Hindoo burning ground—and we dropped out again very soon! There were three fires burning at the time, and the fumes were almost overpowering. Next to this place is the Mussulman graveyard; and beyond that is the old English cemetery.

Of Bombay's population of 645,000, the Hindoos number about 340,000; Mahometans, 137,000; Parsees, 44,000; Brahmins, 25,000; native Christians, 25,000; Buddists, 15,000; Europeans, 8,000; and the balance is made up of Jews, Chinese, coolies, &c.

One morning we engaged a steam launch at Apollo Bunder, and went up the harbour to Elephanta Island—"Gareepuri." After leaving the fort we passed through a large flotilla of the strangest looking craft one can possibly imagine:—Malayan junks with square ribbed sails notched all the way up, Mediterranean feluccas with long

* *History of the Parsees.*—Dosabhai Framji Karaka. C.S.I.

lateen sails, and tri-masted polaccas; dahabeahs, proas and buggalows—the latter looking like dilapidated galleons with high poop-decks and projecting bows. Hundreds of coolies and dock-wallahs were moving about among the vessels and along the shore, each giving his orders to the others, yelling and gesticulating and helping more or less to keep up the continual row; sometimes we caught the sound of music (?) coming from a dhow where twenty stalwart Arabs were chanting a thanksgiving prayer for their safe arrival in port, and keeping time with their knuckles on their broad-bladed paddles. Past the great P. and O. steamers, past Oyster Rock, and out into the open water we steered our course, and in an hour and a half we reached Elephanta, seven miles from the city. A long flight of stone steps leads up to the caves. The entrance is remarkably fine, being open, so that the light, which enters freely, falls upon the floor, and throws the shadows upward, giving the figures on the walls a still more weird appearance. In the principal temple (for such this once was) two rows of pillars divide the hall into three grand aisles, and along the sides are corresponding pilasters; these



CAVES OF ELEPHANTA, INDIA.

massive columns are elegantly carved, and placed at regular distances. At the farther end of the cavern is a gigantic three faced figure, Brahma-Vishnu-Siva;* it only shows the bust, terminating

*According to the Hindoo Vedas, or sacred books, there is "one unknown true being, all present, all powerful, creator, preserver and destroyer of the universe." This supreme being is known to the Hindoos by the name of Om, the great incomprehensible, who sees everything, hears everything and extends everywhere; who is "the smallest of the small and the greatest of the great; whose existence has no cause." They do not worship this deity in a direct manner, but their prayers and invocations are addressed to the three gods—Brahma, Vishnu and Siva. "Brahma, the creator of the world," says Menu, the Hindoo sage, "was the first emanation from the supreme Om. Before the creation of the universe, the great Om, or Bram alone existed, reposing in silence from all eternity and wrapt up in the contemplation of himself. The world was then in darkness—undistinguishable, altogether as in a profound sleep. But the self existent, invisible god, making it manifest from five elements and other glorious forms, perfectly dispelled the gloom. He desired to raise up various creatures by an emanation from his own glory; first created the waters and impressed them with a power of motion; by that power was produced a golden egg, blazing like a thousand suns, in which was born Brahma, self existing, the great parent of all rational beings. The god Brahma, having dwelt in the great mundane egg through revolving ages, himself meditating on himself, at last split the egg into two equal parts, and from those halves formed the heavens and the earth, placing in the midst of the subtle ether the eight points of the world and the permanent ocean." Vishnu is the divine preserver, the power from which all good emanates, to whom the Hindoo prays when in distress; the god that prevents misfortunes, bestows wealth and brings forth the harvest. His heaven is spoken of in the Mahabharata as a place "eighty thousand miles in circumference and formed entirely of gold. Its palaces are constructed with jewels, and all its pillars, architraves and pediments blaze and sparkle with gems. The crystal waters of the Ganges descend through the bunches of

below the armpits, yet it is nineteen feet in height. Siva's hand is holding a cobra, and Vishnu holds a lotus (the Destroyer and the Preserver), the sculptor has given Brahma's face an expression of mild beneficence; but the lower part of the idol has been destroyed. In one of the side chambers is a representation of the *Linga* —the emblem of the procreative power. There are many figures adorning the walls, they are from ten to fifteen feet high, and stand out in alto-relievo, being joined to the wall by a small attachment of stonework, and on nearly all were daubs of red paint—a religious mark of veneration

hair of the famous Seven Penitents, which find their way to the plains and form the river of Paradise. Here are also beautiful diminutive lakes of water, upon the surface of which myriads of red, blue and white water-lilies, with a thousand petals, are seen floating. On a throne, glorious as the meridian sun, sitting on water-lilies, is Vishnu; on the right hand is his wife, the goddess Lakshmi, shining like a continuous blaze of lightning, while from her lovely form the fragrance of the lotus is diffused through the heavens." The worshippers of Vishnu mark their foreheads with three perpendicular lines or stripes. When Brahma brought Siva into existence he evidently, like Frankenstein created an untamble monster, for the new god subdued him, and cut off one of his five heads. Siva and his wife are "the patrons of all that is vicious, or cruel, or horrible. She is represented as black, with four arms, wearing two dead bodies as ear rings, a necklace of sculls, and the hands of several slaughtered giants circle her waist like a zone. She is the favorite patron of the Indian robbers." Those who believe in Siva mark their foreheads with a round red spot.

performed by pilgrims to this their once magni-fi cent shrine.

These wonderful caves were cut out of the solid rock 800 or 900 years ago. The main temple measures 125 feet by 130, and contained 26 pillars carved in beautiful design, but most of them have been destroyed by the fanatical Portuguese, who by demolishing these pagan works of art sought to convert the heathen to the worship of other Deities. In one of the corridors a spring of fresh water flows out, covering the floor to a depth of several inches, and contributing to the general dampness. There are statues, in high relief, of Ganesa (or *Gunputtee*), the idol with the elephant's head; and of Parvatee, she of the single breast; and many others, the names of which are unknown and their significance indefinable. Standing before these gods and goddesses of colossal proportions, gazing upward to where the shadowy pillars merge into the rock roof twenty feet above us, we could not but be impressed with the sublime grandeur and magnitude of these incomparable grotto temples.

Returning to our steamer we found breakfast ready; and as we had been knocking about since

six o'clock—and it was then after ten—the sight of the good things on the little table, spread under the awning at the stern, was certainly comforting; and soon we were skimming over the bay and giving full sway to our glorious appetites. Never did fish taste sweeter, coffee so excellent, nor toast so hot and crisp!

When we got back to the hotel everybody was on the verandah overlooking the street, watching a 'snake charmer' and an Indian juggler who performed some wonderful tricks, completely baffling all attempts to explain how they were done; it puzzles me to this day to tell what he did with the eggs, from whence he got the rabbit, or how he 'made the trees grow,' for the man had only a loin cloth on and a turban on his head. After him came a fellow with a lot of performing monkeys and six beautiful Persian cats with great bushy tails; and some feats of balancing over sword-points and daggers closed the entertainment.

In 1857, when the terrible Indian mutiny raged throughout the country, the citizens of Bombay trembled at the prospect of rebellion among the native troops; but when the first acts of treachery

were discovered Lord Elphinstone caused the ringleaders to be seized, and taken to the Esplanade; where, in the presence of their own regiments, they were tied to the cannon's mouth and blown to pieces! This had the desired effect; for the malcontents were overawed, and no more treason was heard of.

Two places that possess particular interest to visitors, on account of the associations connecting them with the early history of Bombay, are the castle and the cathedral; St. Thomas's being the oldest Christian church in India. One day we were wandering along one of these streets, the like of which may be seen in pictures of the cities in the *Arabian Nights*, when we found ourselves opposite this ancient fane; the door was open—as all church doors should be—and we went inside. It was a pleasant change from the hot glare outside to the cool, dark interior; where the sunlight shining dimly through the windows lentnew colors to the faded battle flags on the walls, and illumined the monuments of those whose untiring exertions helped to lay the foundation stone of this great Indian Empire.

CHAPTER IV.

MALTA AND GIBRALTAR.

Old Valetta—Knights of St. John—Strada Realé—Grande Hotel—The Mediterranean—Gibraltar—The Great Siege—Rock-cut Galleries—Ancient Moorish Castle—Magnificent View—The Market—Cintra—Maffra—Torres Vedras—The Channel—London.

IT was towards the close of one of the most beautiful days I had ever seen that we reached Malta: a day such as we associate with Italy and the Mediterranean. As our steamer entered the harbour of Valetta, we were much impressed with the picturesqueness of its appearance. The city is situated on a high, rocky peninsula, which runs out between two magnificent harbours; the deep basin on the south-east side indents the island for nearly two miles, affording shelter to the largest vessels. The fortifications of Malta are second only to those of Gibraltar; the excavations in the solid rock, curtain walls, moats, and bastions extend many miles, while the works round Fort St. Elmo are considered almost impregnable. The entrance to the bay is a

quarter of a mile wide, and commanded on either side by batteries of the heaviest artillery. On the opposite side of the island there is a perpendicular wall of rock, which is in itself sufficient protection. It was in a little bay on the west side that St. Paul was shipwrecked; for Malta is the ancient *Melita* spoken of in the scriptures. The knights of Malta formed a military-religious order established in Jerusalem about the beginning of the 12th century; there they founded a hospital for the benefit of those who made pilgrimages to the Holy Land, and hence were called Knights Hospitallers, or Knights of St John. When the Crusaders were driven from Jerusalem the knights retired to Acre, which they defended in 1290. In 1310 they took Rhodes, which was held by them till 1522; when, being overpowered by the Turks, an asylum was found in Candia, and thence they went to Sicily. The Emperor Charles V. gave the island of Malta to them in 1530, and they held the place till Napoleon captured it in 1798. The English wrested Malta from the French in 1800, and its possession was confirmed to Great Britain by the Treaty of Paris in 1814.

A traveller,* describing Valetta in 1840, says: —"Perhaps Malta is the only country in the world where duelling is permitted by law. As their whole establishment is originally founded on the wild and romantic principles of chivalry, they have ever found it too inconsistent with those principles to abolish duelling, but they have laid it under such restrictions as greatly to lessen its danger. These are curious enough. The duellists are obliged to decide their quarrels in one particular street of the city, and if they presume to fight anywhere else they are liable to the rigour of the law. But what is not less singular, and more in their favour, they are obliged under the most severe penalties to put up their swords when ordered to do so by a *woman*, a *priest* or a *knight*"

A remarkable place is this Malta; though belonging to England and garrisoned by British troops, the manners and customs are French, and the language and religion that of Italy. The hundreds of little gondola-like boats propelled hither and thither by the Maltese water-men give a Venetian colouring to the picture, while the

*F. Brydone, F. R. S.



STRADA REALE, VALETTA, MALTA.

dark eyed señoras, looking down from many a balcony, in their black lace *faldettas*, are sugestive of scenes in sunny Spain.

We spent the evening wandering about the streets, of which the Strada Realé is the principal thoroughfare. In the shop windows, we saw great quantities of the beautiful Maltese lace, crosses, and fine mosaic work; the crosses and other designs being executed in delicate silver filigree. Here, too, can be purchased all sorts of Turkish, Moorish and Italian curiosities—magnificent 'Moorish' daggers, with the Birmingham hall-mark on their bright blades, and Damascene rapiers, which can be bent double—and will stay bent!

At 7 o'clock we dined at the Grande Hotel, where we found two or three old friends whom we had met in India; and after the usual amount of 'traveller's talk' over some excellent Hock and fresh Spanish walnuts, drove off to the Opera Manoel, where a French comedy held the boards. How pleasant it is to arrive in a strange place and come across an old friend, or even to meet people who are only acquainted with our own friends. Charles Dickens understood the vicis-

situdes of travelling when he wrote those oft-quoted words, in *Little Dorrit*:—"And thus ever, by day and by night under the sun and under the stars, climbing the dusty hills, and toiling along the weary plains, journeying by land and journeying by sea, coming and going so strangely, to meet and to act and to re-act on one another, move all we restless travellers through the pilgrimage of life."

The next morning we went to see the Governor's Palace, the Armoury, and St. John's Cathedral; and, after a drive through the Floriana, we re-embarked, and again our course was towards the setting sun—"westward ho!"

Wednesday we passed the island of Pantellaria; Thursday we came in sight of Tunis; Friday evening we saw the lights of Algiers, and on Saturday morning early we reached the grand old Rock of Gibraltar, and anchored inside the New Mole.

Gibraltar was one of the pillars of Hercules, the other, Monte Almina, (or the Ape's Hill) is on the African side; these were known to the ancients as Calpe and Abyla. It has been held successively by the Romans, the Moors, the

Spaniards, and the English. The original name, Gebel-el-Tarik, was taken from that of a Moorish chief—he who built the Castle which is still standing and overlooks the northern part of the town. The last of the Moors were driven from Spain about 300 years ago; and the Rock was under Spanish dominion until 1704, when the British, under Sir George Rooke, laid siege to the place and captured it. Hence the name—"the Rook's Nest." The great siege began on the 11th, of July, 1779, and lasted till the 12th, March, 1783; during that time the English, under General Eliott, sustained in an uninterrupted siege, a series of attacks from the combined armies of Spain and France, 60,000 men; while the British forces numbered a little over 5000 at first, and were reinforced by 2500 in 1780-82. In Gilbard's *History of Gibraltar* we find the following:—"Gibraltar may be described as a bold, headland promontory, jutting insularly into the sea at the entrance of the Mediterranean, and is separated by a ridge from north to south, dividing it into two equal parts. It is about three miles in length, greatest breadth three-quarters of a mile, and circumference about seven miles. On the north it is connected

with the mainland by a low, sandy isthmus, 1500 yards in length (from the Bayside Gate), and from 950 to 1800 yards in breadth in different parts. On the western side, where the town is built, the slope is gradual in most parts; but the eastern, which faces the Mediterranean, is an inaccessible cliff, bare of vegetation, and forming a series of rugged precipices, broken only in one spot by an immense bank of sand 450 feet in height, the accumulation of many ages, which lies heaped up under the signal station hill. At its extreme height the rock is marked by three points viz.,—at the north, the Rock Gun or Wolf's Crag, 1250 feet; in the centre, the Upper Signal Station, 1255 feet high; and at the south, Sugar Loaf Hill or O'Hara's Tower, 1408 feet high." The population, including the garrison, is about 25,000.

We landed at the Ragged Staff Gate and, after registering, obtained an order premitting, us to visit the upper galleries. A gunner, taking charge of the party, pointed out the various places of interest by the way, telling us the names of the different batteries, the positions they command and relating anecdotes in connection

with the great siege. These galleries are hewn out of the rock and extend in a double line — the one above the other — round the northern headland. They are not narrow passages, but wide corridors through which a carriage and pair could be driven, and at every 20 or 30 feet a large opening lets in the daylight. In each of these apertures is a heavy piece of ordnance which, swinging round on its carriage, commands every part of the neutral ground and of the Spanish lines. Two miles of rock galleries, loopholed and bristling with cannon! And they are not the old-fashioned, smooth bore, muzzle loading guns, but with improved breech-loading monsters of the latest type. These ranges are called the Union and the Windsor galleries. In the upper range is an enlarged space known as "St. George's Hall." Here we rested for a while, and then retraced our steps to the road leading down the hillside by which we reached the ancient Moorish castle. From this spot we got a grand view of the town and harbour.

Almost directly below us is Waterport-street— the main road, running north and south through the city; with its motley crowd: Spanish hidal-

goes from the interior; Arabs in their long, loose, striped bornouses; white robed and black faced Africans from the coast of Barbary; Turks, Jews, and Armenians; with here and there the bright costume of the British infantry soldier, the dark blue and gold of the Artillery, or the picturesque garb of the Highlander. On the left we see the Alameda garden, with its winding walks, its palms and its poplar trees; to the right is the neutral ground, a low sandy tract which separates British territory from Spain; and beyond that are the Lines (Línea de la Concepcion). To the south, across the Straits, is Ceuta "of the seven peaks," and the old town of Tangier; on the Spanish side is Algeciras, and San Roque. It is a striking picture: that of the glistening waters of the Mediterranean at our feet, as rippling by the great men-of-war anchored in the bay, or gently heaving under the parapets of the Old Mole they mirror the red and white lateen sails of the feluccas, and break at length on the sands where the cactus plant grows and little lizards flash in the sunlight; the old city itself, where the houses seem to be plastered against the rock like swallows' nests; the 'white towns



THE HARBOUR. GIBRALTAR.

over the sea;' with the long line of the Atlas mountains far away in Africa, and the low hills of Andalusia, in distant Spain.

We went to see the market, where great quantities of fruit were heaped up all over the place—oranges from Seville, melons from Valencia, figs and dates from Morocco, and pears and chestnuts from the province of Castile. But we were more interested in the people—especially in the handsome Spanish women with their lovely eyes and their fascinating mantillas. Our walk had given us an appetite, so we turned into the first café we came to — on Waterport-street, for lunch. On the wall was a placard—"Fine old English Ham and eggs." The ham was all that it was advertised—*and so were the eggs.*

In the afternoon we took a trap and drove over to San Roque,—Spain, and from there we went to the Cork Woods. It was a delightful drive, but we were unable to stay long enough to properly enjoy the beautiful scenery as the setting sun warned us to return to 'Gib.' before the gates were closed. So, after a glance at the Bull Ring, and the Spanish lines near San Roque, we crossed the neutral ground, and re-

embarked at 8 o'clock. Once again we were on the sea—the broad Atlantic.

The next day was warm and bright, and, as we kept within 2 miles or 3 miles of land from morning till night, we had a fine panoramic view of the Portuguese coast. The first place of importance we came to—after Trafalgar Bay and Cadiz—was Cintra, lying at the foot of a steep hill; on the summit of which is the convent immortalised by Byron in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

> "Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
> In variegated maze of mount and glen,
> Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
> To follow half on which the eye dilates
> Through view more dazzling unto mortal ken,
> Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
> Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elysium's gates?
> "Our Lady's house of woe,"
> Where frugal monks their little relics show,
> And sundry legends to the stranger tell:
> Here impious men have punish'd been, and lo!
> Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
> In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell."

Soon after passing Cintra we saw Maffra, and the summer palace of the King of Portugal; the towers showing clearly against the distant hills. Farther on we came to the village and heights of Torres Vedras, where Wellington held

the French in check. After the victory of Busaco, where the French, under Massena, were repulsed with great slaughter, the British retired to the lines of Torres Vedras; and there, within sight of the enemy, who could not force the position, Wellington lay during the winter of 1810-11; until, having gathered strength, he was able to assume the aggressive and march into Spain, where town after town was taken by the allied armies (British and Spanish), and Napoleon's troops suffered defeat in almost every engagement —Fuentes d'Onoro, Albuera, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, and Vittoria, till at last the army of France was driven beyond the Pyrenees, and the battle of Toulouse brought the 'Peninsular campaign' to a close.

The next morning we passed Cape Finisterre, and had a fair run through the Bay of Biscay, reaching Plymouth at daybreak. Here the mails were landed, and we proceeded up Channel; St. Catherine's Light—on the Isle of Wight—was sighted about 10 in the evening, and the following day we saw 'the white cliffs of Albion;' entered the river Thames, and arrived at London.

As I groped my way through the streets I could not help sighing for the sunshine we had left behind us at the antipodes; but when I came across old familiar friends and places, I forgot the rain and mud and said to myself—"England, with all thy *fogs*, I love thee still!"

CHAPTER V.

BELGIUM : BRUSSELS AND ANTWERP.

Flemish Brussels—Hôtel de Ville—Cathedral—Manneken Fountain—Battle-Field of Waterloo—Antwerp—The Cathedral—'Told by the Organ'—Quentin Matsys—The Plantin Museum.

BRUSSELS is a very different city from what we expected to find; we thought it would be a quiet old place, something like Bruges or Ghent. It is more like Paris. In the first place the language is French; then the costumes—particularly among the poor—are similar to those worn by the same class of people in Paris. The broad *boulevards* with rows of trimly clipped trees; the artificial stiffness about the gardens along the *Allée Verte*; the cafés, restaurants and kiosques; and the merry, chattering crowd sitting outside at the little tables, all remind us of the French capital. There is also a lower town—or Flemish Brussels—where the streets are narrow and wind about in all directions; where the houses, tall and quaint, are ornamented in the Gothic-decorated style, and where Elizabethan and 'crow-stepped' gables surmount

the elaborate stonework of the façades; where men in loose blouses, with knitted *toques* on their heads, lounge about the market place, or lazily trudge beside the dogs that draw the milk carts along the streets from door to door, and where fat, coarse-featured women waddle about with feet encased in those immense, wooden *sabots*, and with earrings that are fully four inches in length hanging in yellow coils from beneath their white linen caps. But they are hard working people, these stout, sturdy females; I have passed along in a train at 5 o'clock in the morning and watched them at work in the fields, and, returning by the same road at 8 o'clock in the evening, have seen them still at their labours,—a little nearer the end of the field, perhaps—a few more heaps of grain stored away or bundles of roots piled up—but still working, working till the light shall fade from the sky and the dark furrows refuse to yield their treasure to the tired, seeking hands.

The Hôtel de Ville, built in 1440, is a large, handsome edifice with a spire rising to the height of over 360 feet; on the utmost pinnacle is a brass-plated figure of St. Michael, which

measures seventeen feet. This Town House stands in a square surrounded by high, old-fashioned but picturesque Spanish houses, which carry our thoughts back to the days of Charles V. It was in this square that Counts Egmont and Horn were executed, by order of the infamous Duke of Alva.

The Cathedral of St. Gudule is noted for its exquisitely painted glass, and for a remarkable pulpit, on which is represented the Expulsion from the Garden of Eden, embellished with figures of angels, saints, animals, birds and reptiles —all carved in wood. Belgium is celebrated for the beauty of wood-carving; Verbruggen, Quesnoy and Willemsens have been the chief exponents of this branch of art.

We were told not to neglect going to see the Manneken Fountain, which stands at the corner of the Rue du Chêne and Rue de l'Étuve. It is a statue of a small boy, in black marble, and from it flows a constant stream of pure water. While we were there two young women came along, held up their buckets till they were filled by the Manneken, and marched off, not in the least bit disconcerted by being watched

at this unique *jet d'eau!* Not so was Louis XIV, for, when he paid a visit to Brussels, he was so shocked with the appearance of this nude little boy that he ordered a suit of clothes to be made for him! On holidays and fête-days they still dress him up in some of the various little costumes, of which he has a dozen or so, for he is a favorite 'idol' of the good folk of Brussels. As for the *Grand Monarque,* I cannot imagine a sovereign of France in the seventeenth centruy being 'shocked' at anything!

Still we have this mock modesty, this *mauvaise honte,* at the present day; I have seen ladies and gentlemen, in an art gallery, stand before reproductions in marble and on canvas of the order *in puris naturalibus* in evident admiration, but in the street these same people have disdainfully turned their heads from a poor, ragged beggar because she had a little child at her breast. Ah, the one was a picture of ideal beauty, the creation of an artist's fancy, the other a too faithful likeness of themselves!

Before leaving Brussels we drove out to Waterloo, ten miles from the city. The country about here is low and flat; a few small streams,

tributaries to the Meuse and the Scheldt, wind through it, and patches of woodland break the monotony of the Belgic landscape. As we passed along the road I tried to conjure up, in imagination, the scene, that memorable morning, when, in the dark hours before dawn—

> The must'ring squadron, and the clattering car,
> Went pouring forward with impetuous speed.

At the village there was on hand the inevitable 'guide,' who bargained for the charge of our party at so much a head, and then took us about from place to place and 'fought the battle o'er again.' But I am told that this man, who speaks three languages, has as many different versions of the conflict: to English tourists he makes Mont St. Jean and Hougoumont the vital points in the great struggle; to Germans, Planchénois is the centre of attraction, and Blucher is lauded to the skies; and to his French patrons he dwells on the gallant capture of La Haye Sainte, and dilates on the superior numbers of the Allies. We climbed to the top of the Lion Mount, and obtained a grand view of the battle-field, as it now is. From the Forest of Soignies, beyond Waterloo — where Wellington had his head-

quarters—to the Charleroi road, at Belle Alliance, every rood of ground has its story in connection with that day of victory,—18th of June, 1815. We saw the place from which Wellington and his staff viewed the battle, and the spot where Picton fell; brave Picton, at whose death the 'wild cry of the Irish' rang out in sorrow and for vengeance. It is said that when the French made their final charge, the Iron Duke rode up to his troops and cried:—"Up Guards, and at 'em!" But the story is now generally discredited, and is looked upon as an historical romance, very similar to the anecdote about King James the I. and the sir-loin; or like the fable of George Washington and his hatchet. What a pity, though, that Wellington did not have the order written, it would have been a boon to the military branch of her Majesty's United Services; for in the navy nearly every ship has a midshipman who claims that it was *his* grandfather who transcribed Nelson's famous signal,—"England expects every man to do his duty!"

We returned to town for dinner and afterwards went to the theatre; when lo! and behold! there, in the stalls, was our tri-linguistic *con-*

ducteur of the afternoon, decked out in a spotless dress suit! He looked 'every inch a gentleman,' and, being *en régle*, no doubt felt as he looked; for it is nonsense to try to disguise the fact, that dress does make a difference, not only to others but with ourselves. This is not from priggishness; it is the lesson that the world teaches us every day. Dr. Jekyll arrayed in frock coat, silk hat and gloves, stands at the door of his club, and smilingly acknowledges the salutations of his friends; but it is Mr. Hyde, who, in the dilapidated apparel of many a season past, creeps round to the oilman's for a pint of kerosene to replenish the midnight lamp, and he is not nearly so anxious to attract the attention of his acquaintances; in the case of the latter he tries to avoid recognition because his clothes are old and faded, forgetting that the garment is but the netting of the purse, the binding of the book, and that if within there be gold or goodness it must manifest itself in due time. True it is that many great men, though not all dress shabbily; but with us—we who are smaller fish in the great school of fame-seekers—it is different, until we have elbowed our way through and above the crowd of medio-

crity, we must wear the uniforms prescribed by custom in accordance with time and place. Men who are neither eminent nor wealthy are supposed to have no business with hobbies.

Of course we went to see the lace works, the Palais Royal, the Palais de Justice and the Parks; no one would wish to leave Brussels without a piece of 'lace'—a sort of *passementerie* post-mark.

From there we went, by way of Malines, to Antwerp. A fine old city is this *Anvers*—or *Antwerpen*, with its magnificent churches and picturesque streets. The Hôtel de Ville is an imposing edifice, of marble and coloured stone, with a frontage of three hundred feet. It contains a fine library, and a few large pictures —scenes taken from the history of the city; and in one of the rooms is a beautifully carved fire-place and chimney-piece, which Napoleon (as usual) wished to carry away with him, for the Louvre; but found it could not be moved without the danger of destroying it. Next to the Cathedral, the churches most worthy of inspection are:— St. James', which has the grandest collection of paintings and statuary, and the tomb of Rubens;

St. Andrew's, wherein is a mausoleum of marble, erected in memory of Mary Queen of Scots, by some English ladies who lived in Antwerp, and a portrait of that unfortunate princess; and St. Paul, outside of which is the noted representation of Calvary. In the Museum are many fine paintings by Rubens, Vandyke, Seghers, De Vos, Floris, Quentin Matsys, and other Flemish masters; and sculptures from the chisels of Quellyn, Jan Peters and Verbruggen. Here, too, is the priceless relic, which the people almost worship,—Ruben's chair! The works of Quentin Matsys receive an additional interest from the romantic circumstances connected with the commencement of his career.

About the year 1490 there lived in Antwerp a blacksmith who was noted for being the most skilled artificer in brass and iron in the country; his designs and models were always sought after for church and house decoration, and so his forge was kept busy from morning till night. But he was not happy; he was in love; and went through his day's work as a sort of perfunctory duty only, for that very work stood between him and the object of his affections. This was the daughter of Floris, the architect of

the Hôtel de Ville, and although the maiden returned his fondness with equal warmth, her father would not consent to the union, which, he contended, would bring neither great honour nor riches to his house. The state of affairs so preyed upon the young man's mind that he neglected his business altogether; no longer the bellows blew the cheery flame, while the sparks flew up the chimney, the iron was cold and covered with dust, and the hammer lay on the floor. One night Quentin Matsys, who had been wandering about in an aimless way, strolled down to where the 'lazy Scheldt' flowed sleepily by the city walls; and there, in the soft summer moonlight, he watched the silent stream, which reflected the houses and trees on the opposite bank. On the surface of the deep, dark waters he saw the outlines of the high-pointed house tops, the gables and turrets; he saw the lights shining in the shadow-windows, and the image of the church spire stretch out its quivering length. It looked like a double picture,—divided by the shore line. Suddenly a thought flashed through his brain; rapidly he paced up and down by the river's brink, and then as rapidly speeded homewards.

A month passed and the citizens of Antwerp saw but little of Quentin Matsys; the forge was still deserted, and his tools lay idle on the bench; but he was working elsewhere, and with all his heart and soul. At the end of the month he presented himself at Floris' studio, and, as an equal, claimed his daughter's hand; for the farrier-artist had painted a picture, on every line of which was the stamp of genius!

> Love a miracle has wrought, love a miracle has done,
> Blacksmith he my daughter sought, Painter he has won;
> Call the maiden to my side; Quentin Matsys take your bride.
>
> And this story of true love when the Antwerp gossips tell,
> Still, in token of its truth, they point to Matsys Well.
> Though the Painter and his spouse ages since to dust have gone,
> Still the iron that he wrought canopies the stone.

One of the most interesting places is the *Musée Plantin*, or ancient publishing house of Plantin Moretus. Christopher Plantin established the 'house,' in the middle of the sixteenth century; and for many years the business was carried on in a small building in the Camerstrate. Here it was that he published the second edition of the Polyglot Bible. (The first edition, six volumes, was published in Alcala, in Spain—1517.) Soon after this his business increased to such an extent

that the old quarters were too limited, and Plantin purchased the large building in the Rue Haute; for three hundred years, it remained in the Moretus family as a printing establishment, until, in 1876, the council of the city of Antwerp bought the property, with all the old presses, type and furniture; the pictures, plates, letters, and manuscripts, and the valuable collection of books, seals and autographs. That part of the house which was formerly used as a dwelling is very handsomely furnished; rich tapestry and silk hangings drape the walls; and the old ceilings, the doors, and the staircase are exquisitely carved. In the *Chambre des Priveleges* we saw numerous 'priveleges' granted to the house by different sovereigns from the time of Maximillian II., (who presented Plantin with the trade-freedom of the empire, in 1576), down to the present century. The wing at one end of the courtyard is supported by a row of stone columns, above which are the sculptured busts of Plantin, Balthasar, and Jean Moretus, with their crests, trade-marks and mottoes. The wall along the side of the court is covered with ivy, through which peep the old-fashioned windows; in fact this portion of the



ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

building might easily be mistaken for an old, English manor house.

The Cathedral of Antwerp is one of the four most noted in the world—the other three are Milan, Strasburg and Cologne. It is 500 feet in length, 250 feet wide, and the tower is 425 feet high! Nothing of the kind exceeds this spire in lightness and elegance; and as it mounts upward in graceful lines, each story decreasing in size, so do the stones seem to lose their properties of weight and strength, and where, far in the upper air, the fabric terminates in filagree and finial, the delicate structure looks too fragile to withstand the stormy elements. Napoleon Bonaparte compared it to Mechlin lace. The interior corresponds in grandeur with the exterior; few churches or cathedrals have a greater profusion of carving in wood and marble, of valuable paintings and objects of vertú. The grand altar, designed by Rubens, is a beautiful piece of work, but the greatest treasure within these walls (the greatest in all Belgium, perhaps) is his *chef d'œuvre*: the celebrated 'Descent from the Cross.' On the opposite side of the nave is the companion picture,—the 'Elevation of the Cross.' Both

of these paintings were carried off to Paris during the French occupation, but were returned after Napoleon's overthrow. Sir Joshua Reynolds thus speaks of this great master: "The works of Rubens have that peculiar property always attendant on genius, to attract attention and enforce admiration in spite of all their faults. The works of men of genius alone, where great faults are united with great beauties, afford proper matter for criticism. It is the regular, cold and timid composer who escapes unseen, and deserves no praise."

The stillness which reigns in the heart of the forest is not more impressive than the solemn silence within this superb edifice; the hushed movements of priests in gorgeous raiment, the whisper at the confessional, the tinkling of the bell and the odour of incense, tell us only of a religion foreign to our own; but in the grand proportions and rich ensculpture we find enchantment: in the fine sweep of the arches, in the wide triple aisles reaching back to where the magnificent eight-columned portico supports the organ, and in the chaste design of the high altar —its beautiful tracery in white marble and gold.

With heads uncovered, with feelings of reverence we stand beside these noble works of art, wondering if the hands which brought them into existence were not inspired. And, as though in answer to our questioning mind, we hear a faint melody coming from above; just a few notes, falling like the sound of the chimes in a distant clock-tower. Then all is quiet again. But only for a minute, when we are aware of a murmur, a musical throbbing, among the shadowy recesses of the vaulted roof; but there is harmony, there is time, in the flowing measure, that swells out at every third bar—rolling forward like the intermittent waves of the incoming tide; and now the notes are clearer, and we understand their meaning. The music breaks into quavering trills, which die away as the air is taken up by solemn little chords—marching along till they, too, tremble and break into tiny runs and purling warbles. It is the voice of childhood, the prattle of little tongues, the patter of restless feet, snatches of song and lullaby. Then the movement becomes slower, but the rhythm is the sweeter and purer; we see the life developing in thought and beauty, the charms of girlhood ripening into stately adol-

escence, and youthful fancies merging into womanly sympathies. Now the tune changes to a sonata, —a tender, pleading refrain, whispering its secret in faltering cadences, or, gathering volume, gushing forth in joyous numbers as the music speaks the impassioned words of love. There is a slight pause; then we hear the double-noted tuning of stringed instruments, and anon the dreamy strains of a waltz float through the air; a gavotte follows; faster and faster becomes the movement, and quicker do the feet keep time to the garish composition; louder and louder grows the din, until time and tune are lost in the bewildering confusion of sound as the worldly whirlwind passes by. Then—a little slower, a little fainter; it ends. A few wailing notes, like the wanton sighing of an æolian harp, call back the melody, but they find answer only in the echoes; the turmoil is over; the young heart has conquered itself, and emerges from the social vortex purged of all folly and vanity, — chastened. But it is so lonely; the minor chords sing in a strange, disconnected symphony; the tremulous music drifts from key to key. It is the New Life feeling its way towards the Greater Purpose, and crying for

assistance. Step by step, and the light grows brighter; chord after chord sounds forth in sweet succession, the perfect tones vibrate with rapt intensity; there is no faltering now. Onward—with majestic sweep, until the final concord is reached, and then the great organ, in giant diapasons, peals out a pæan of triumph—a song of victory and praise; and the place is filled with one grand harmony. The gentle spirit — the votaress of heaven—has found its Comforter; the veil has fallen, the world has passed away—

> Rock of ages, cleft for me
> Let me hide myself in thee.

The sunlight through the painted windows falls slantwise, throwing long, grey-gold bars across the old cathedral and lighting up the faces of the figures and of the saints before the confessionals; but the shadows grow darker overhead, only to make a greater contrast to the brilliant altar-piece, its hundred candlesticks, its patens, chalices and golden ornaments. Outside; the pigeons circle in uneven flight about the ancient fane, or cluster, cooing, on the ground by Quentin Matsys' fountain.

CHAPTER VI.

EDINBURGH.

The Old Town—Holyrood—Mary Queen of Scots—Prince Charlie—Ancient Chapel Royal—The Canongate—Montrose and Argyle—John Knox's House—St. Giles's Church—The Castle—"Mons Meg"—Scottish Regalia—St. Margaret's Chapel—Arthur's Seat—Sir Walter Scott's Monument—Roslin Chapel, and Castle—Hawthornden.

TO the antiquary and lover of romance, and to the student of modern history, no city in the world possesses such a power to fascinate as Edinburgh. The Tower of London and Westminster Abbey are, certainly, wonderful monuments of the dark ages preceding the Renaissance; but the one is surrounded by warehouses, steamship wharves, and various brick-and-mortar fabrics of recent construction, and the other is situated in the fashionable centre of a metropolis. While here, in old Dun-Edin, we seem to be able to step back a century or two, and to feel as though about to witness some of those stirring scenes which were enacted in High-street's palmy days. The charm lies in this fact: instead of coming across an ancient building only here and there, we

find whole streets remaining much the same as a hundred years ago and more; for when a house be destroyed its successor is erected in the same old style, so that the original appearance may be retained. One of the most picturesque views of an old world character is that from Princes street—looking southward. From Holyrood the street rises in gentle ascent to the castle walls; on the valley side the houses seem to be piled up one above the other, and at night a thousand lights beam forth beneath the shadowy outlines of irregular house tops and projecting turrets. Princes-street is illuminated almost to the brightness of daylight; and it is generally conceded that there is not another city—even Paris—that can equal the Scottish capital in its lavish display of gas jets! As a certain celebrated author says:—"The stars of heaven shine no brighter than the lights of Edinburgh!'

The morning after we arrived, our sight-seeing tour of the old town began with the most important place — Holyrood. This Abbey, it is said, was founded by David I,. in the fore part of the 12th century; but monkish tradition and historical fact are so interwoven that there is

a paucity of reliable history on the subject; and the legend of the king and the stag though interesting is still but a legend. (Note 1.) It was not until after the middle of the 16th century that events occurred here which not only made the royal residence famous in the annals of Scotland but also imparted a glow of romance to the history of these grey walls—hallowed to the memory of the beautiful and the brave who dwelt therein.

On the 19th of August, 1561, Mary Queen of Scots took up her abode in Holyrood, and there continued to live for five years. Only those few years, but yet fraught with such vital incident! Who can read the history of her life without feelings of pity and regret? Pity—that Mary's fortunes were cast in those uncertain, troublous times; regret—that circumstances forced her to commit such fatal errors. Gentle in manner and speech, generous towards her friends and forgiving to her enemies, devout in all her religious duties, surely there could have been but little of the wickedness that some alleged historians impute to the Queen of Scots.* Welcomed

*"Mr. Froude, although he denounces her in language unprecedented among historians of any age, nevertheless informs his readers that she was 'warm and true in her friendships;' that she had 'a

to the land of her birth with "sweete musick," bonfires and general rejoicing the fair occupant of Holyrood—*La Reine Blanche*—lived happily for a while; enjoying the entertainments of the palace household and the sports of the field,—hawking and the chase. "She had often shown her beautiful face under the helmet," says Burton, in his *History of Scotland*, "mounted on her charger at the head of her troops. In more peaceful days the peasantry of the Borders and the Highlands were familiar with the airy form sweeping past on a milk white steed, at the stag hunt or hawking, followed by all the chivalry of her court." But clouds soon gathered over her devoted head. Her marriage with Darnley, the ill natured, ill tempered Lennox, whom even the Queen's cultivated demeanor could not refine; the murder of Rizzio in her presence; the tragedy of the Kirk-of-Field and its awful interpretation (Note 2), and the machinations of Bothwell, to

noble nature;' and that she was 'generous' in the extreme. It is difficult to see what more could be said even by the most devoted of her admirers."—Hosack. "She was a lady of honest and honorable conditions, of singular judgment, and full of humanity, a great lover of justice, helpful to the poor, . . . and of a most mild disposition." —Archbishop Spotiswood's *History*, p. 146 (1677); and Fairbairn, ed. 1725.

compel Mary to play into his hands, ending in their unfortunate marriage. The mysterious imprisonment at Dunbar Castle, the last days spent amid the secluded valleys of Hailes, the surrender at Carbery Hill, the trials and tribulations, and farewell to Holyrood; Lochleven and the daring escape, her gallant little army at Langside and its crushing defeat. Flight to England and 18 years' imprisonment there (during which time Elizabeth fondly hoped that Mary would die a natural death); death at last by the hand of the executioner — by the hand of Elizabeth. At the present time (1891), when the literary world is somewhat agitated over the question of whether Charles I. had knelt beside the block or lay prostrate on the board or platform, the following account of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, published in London in 1624, may be interesting: — "And signing them with the Crosse, and smiling, bade them farewell. Her face being covered with a linen cloth: *lying on the block*, she said the Psalme, *In te Domine confido ne confundar iternum.* Then as she *stretched out her bodie*, and oftentimes repeated, *In manus tuas Domine*



HOLYROOD PALACE, EDINBURGH.

commendo spiritum meum, her head was cut off at two blows."

We wander through the quiet rooms of the old Palace and try to people it, in imagination, with those who lived and loved—and loved again, perchance—so long ago. But all is so still; only the echoing footstep of the stranger is heard, where oft a 'merrie multitude' paid pleasing homage to the beloved sovereign; and the solemn array of portraits on the walls seem to accentuate the dreariness of the bare floors and deserted apartments. It was in the picture gallery that Charles Edward Stuart—'bonnie Prince Charlie'—held his levées and attended the grand balls which took up the time he should have devoted to the camp. On the evening of the 31st of October, 1745, with colours flying and bagpipes playing, Charles left Holyrood bent upon the expedition into England—that bold dash for a crown.* And with him, it may well be said, departed the chivalry and the glory of the old palace. The

* "The enterprise was bold, nay rash, and unexampled. What man in his senses could think of encountering the English armies and attempting the conquest of England with 4500 Highlanders?"—*Memoirs of the Rebellion*, by the Chevalier de Johnstone, A. D. C. to Prince Charles.

Chapel-Royal, at the north-east corner, is a ruin, roofless and dilapidated; no longer the Prior sits in the chair of state, no longer the fumes of incense fill the air; the last procession has passed before the sacred altar, 'the light in the golden candlestick' is quenched for ever, and priest and penitent are but as the dust on the flagstones beneath our feet; the wind, whistling over Salisbury Crags, sweeps through the open windows, scattering leaves and rubbish on the graves of Scotland's kings and nobles. Leaving Holyrood we pass up the Canongate, the lower part of which, at one time, constituted a portion of the Abbey domain, and was protected by massive gates, "with Gothic pillars, arches and towers, which were taken down in 1755." The first building that attracts attention is the Tolbooth (court house), erected about the year 1590. This is the ancient town hall. The tower is built in the French style so much in vogue in Scotland at that period, with steeple roof and campaniles; a narrow stairway leads to an entrance, and above one of the doors is the inscription—*Esto Fidus.* A stone shaft stands against the wall; this was once both a cross and a pillory. A

little farther up the street we come to Moray House, celebrated as the place where Cromwell stayed during his visit to Edinburgh, and where negotiations were entered into by him and the Scottish army. And it was here that the marriage took place between the Marquis of Lorn(e) and the Earl of Moray's daughter; where the wedding guests came out on the balcony (still standing) to jeer at Montrose as he was led up the street, tied to a cart, on his way to execution. A few years afterwards this same marquis (Argyll) was beheaded, and "his heid affixt upone the heid of the Tolbuith quhair the Marquis of Montrois was affixit of befoir." Nearly every house in this locality has a history of its own, for it was the fashionable quarter in days gone by — the 'Mayfair' of the old city. Here, within easy access to the palace, lived the nobility and the gentry; silken curtains and lace of gold bedecked the windows, from which fair faces looked down, or whence white fingers waved the scented kerchief to departing cavaliers! But now, alas! all is changed; the lustre has disappeared — vanished with the illustrious dead! In vain we seek for some evidence of former

splendour; a burly washerwoman stuffing a dirty rag through a broken window pane; a grimy-faced *chiffonnier* shuffling along the passage; and a crowd of half naked street arabs pasting bits of paper against the carved stonework, tell the tale of degeneracy only too well.

But this is still 'haunted ground.' Come, when the shades of evening deepen into night, and see the ghostly procession—the forms and faces once so well known in this darksome street; see them as they were,—the proud and the lowly, the rich and the poor, warrior and peacemaker, young and old; pitiful eyes look up from the gloom below, and stern visages glare down from the windowless walls. Now it is the tramp of armed men, the sheen of steel, and shouts of victory; anon we hear the tolling of a bell, and grim shadows flit about the old Cross. What is that under the balcony of Moray House? a headless man? Ay; two of them, now! Here is a gallant train approaching, led by a bonny chief—1745; now the place is deserted, save for a fugitive who skulks in the dark—1746. Whose portly figure is that, lumbering along and grumbling at all things Scotch, tapping each post with its gold-

headed cane? Is the shade of 'Boswell's friend' still looking for a comfortable corner in a tap-room? Two familiar-looking ghosts pass by, each with the same sad, disappointed mien; the one, with shepherd's plaid on shoulder and accompanied by a spectral hound, vanishes in the direction of Salisbury Crags; the other casts a wistful glace at the top of Calton Hill, then turns, mournfully, into one of the wynds of the lower town, while we fancy we hear a shadow-land whisper—

> Had we never loved sae kindly,
> Had we never loved sae blindly.

Between Jeffrey-street and the North bridge is John Knox's house—an ancient building with the upper stories projecting beyond those below. At one corner, standing—out from the wall, is a demi-figure of a man, supposed to be in a pulpit, and just over the first storey are the words,—"Lufe God above al, and your nichtbour as yi self." The stern old reformer was an uncompromising and determined enemy to Rome and to France, and subsequent events confirmed his followers in their belief that he was right, for in 1572—the year of his death—was perpetrated the

most diabolical atrocity that is recorded in the history of a Christian nation—the massacre of St. Bartholomew! I have often thought that, whether she were urged by her councillors or not, Elizabeth signed the death-warrant of Queen Mary the more readily on account of this wholesale butchery of the Huguenots, occurring, as it did, at a time when the Protestant Church —the established faith of England—had but lately struggled free from its enemies. "If the French power restore the Queen of Scots, then shall Scotland be more at the commandment of France, and especially of the house of Guise, than it ever was." (State Papers.—Cecil). St. Giles's Church, the next place of importance, is interesting as being the scene of so many notable events in the history of Edinburgh. In architectural beauty it does not claim superiority, but, since the interior has been restored, it has a very handsome appearance. The lantern shaped spire, which can be seen from nearly every part of the city, is composed of a number of small flying buttresses springing from the coping of the tower and converging to the centre, which is surmounted with ornamental minarets; in the distance it looks like

an immense, imperial crown. The building was once divided into the High Church, Old Church, Tolbooth and the New Church or 'Haddow's Hole.' During the siege of the castle in 1573, when Kirkaldy of Grange, the champion of Queen Mary, fought the combined forces of Scotland and England, the church was protected by ramparts, &c. "At what time, also," says Hollingshed, "the Tolbooth, and the church was fenced with a rampart forced of turfs, fagots and other stuff fit for that purpose, whereby the lords of the Parliament did as safely assemble and sit in the Tolbooth, and the people went as quietly and as safely to the church to hear divine service as they at any time did before the wars began, and before the castle was besieged."

In the oldest part are monuments to Moray and to Montrose; the latter was hanged at the old Cross of Edinburgh (which still stands outside of the church) in May, 1650, and the body of the ill-fated marquis was 'quartered' and the parts distributed to different cities. "His head, hands and leges to be cutt off, and destribute as follows: his head to be affixed one ane iron pine and sett one the pinnakell one the west gavell of the new

prissone of Edinburghe; one hand to be sett one the port of Perth; and the other one the port of Stirling; one lyge and footte one the port of Aberdeine; the other one the port of Glasgow."—*Balfour.* But after the Restoration—1661, his dispersed remains were collected and buried in the south transept. Within these walls, the Solemn League and Covenant was sworn in the year 1643. Near by, to the south, are the Parliament buildings and the Law Courts; on the west side is the site of the old Tolbooth Prison, made famous by Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*; half way across the square is the unpretentious grave of Knox, marked by a small stone set in the pavement—nothing more. "There," said the Earl of Morton, after Knox had been laid in his grave, "lies he who never feared the face of man, who hath been often threatened with dag and dagger, but yet hath ended his days in peace and honour, for he had God's providence watching over him in a special manner."

High up, above all this city of hills, on the crest of a precipitous rock, the Castle of Edinburgh rears aloft its battlemented towers nearly

300 feet; and, like a lion *couchant*, it seems to keep guard over the 'auld toon.' Poor lion, it has been asleep this many a year! Crossing the esplanade we pass by a drawbridge above the moat and thence, beneath the State prison, along the roadway, to the 'Argyle' Battery. Beyond this is the armoury, the magazine and the Governor's house; to the left are the barracks. Above the 'Argyle' is another battery, and here is that wonderful piece of old ordnance—'Mons Meg,' which was made at Mons, Belgium, about 400 years ago. From the 'Half-moon' Battery, where the time gun is fired at noon, we obtain an excellent view of the city and its environs. Brereton, who visited Edinburgh in 1634, thus quaintly says:—"Hence you may take a full view of the situation of the whole city, which is built upon a hill, nothing over-steep, but sufficiently sloping and ascending to give a graceful ascent to the great street, which I do take to be an English mile long, and is the best paved street with bowther stones (which are very great ones) that I have ever seen." In the south wing of the Castle—known as the Old Palace—is the Crown-room and Queen Mary's apartments; in the for-

mer is the Scotch Regalia,—crown, sword of state, sceptre, &c., but the room is too dark to show these interesting relics to advantage. The 'Honours of Scotland' have had an eventful history, and their present existence is due to the watchful care of their several custodians; more than once they were hidden away, and the story of their escape from the hands of the enemy at Dunnottar Castle is one of the historic anecdotes so dear to the Scottish heart.* And that is one thing I like about the Scotch—they treasure the traditions of their native land; and many a fireside has seemed the brighter and felt the warmer as those around it clothed the ruddy coals with living fancies whilst listening to the tales of long ago, and thinking of "the days that are no more." In a little room, painted and panelled, in that corner of the castle which overlooks the Grass Market was born, on the 19th of June, 1566, James, VI. of Scotland and I. of England (Note

* Mrs. Granger, the minister's wife, carried them out through the besieging army. The crown lay in her lap; the sword and sceptre seem to have made a sort of distaff for a mass of lint which, like a thrifty Scotch matron, she was busily spinning into thread. The minister buried them at night under the flags of his church, and in that remote parish church they remained in entire concealment.—KINNEFF.

3); and it is said that his wee Highness (the future 'British Solomon!') was lowered from the window in a basket, and taken away for safe keeping. Behind the Bomb Battery is St. Margaret's Chapel, which is supposed to have been erected by the good queen, wife of Malcolm Canmore, or soon after her death, which occurred in 1093 (Note 4). I think it was Sir Walter Scott, at the time that he was secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, who was instrumental in having the old chapel reclaimed from its former dilapidated condition and the Norman decoration disclosed.

One bright, sunny afternoon, we took a hansom for a spin round the Queen's Drive. At the back of Arthur's Seat we left the 'fly' and climbed to the summit, which reaches an elevation of about 800 feet. The view from this point is delightful. At our feet are Hunter's Bog and Salisbury Crags; beyond is the old town, stretching from Canongate to the Lawn Market, a rare confusion of gables, turrets and chimney-tops. Farther away lies the new town, with its gardens and monuments, its handsome streets and public buildings; and from the green slopes of

Princes-street Gardens rises that triumph of architecture, Sir Walter Scott's monument. Mighty in its massive columns and flanking buttresses, elegant in its graceful symmetry, beautiful in its wealth of statuary and delicate tracery, towering aloft—200 feet of sculptured arches, figures, pinnacles and finials—it has no equal! To the right we see the Calton Hill, on the south side of which are the castellated walls of the prison—sometimes mistaken by strangers for its illustrious neighbour across the valley; and on the utmost height is the National Monument, an unfinished memorial commemorating the victory of Waterloo which looks even more classic than if completed! Far off in the distance we can discern the rounded peaks of the Pentlands; and our eyes linger pensively on the spot ever associated with the story of the *Gentle Shepherd*, and 'Habbie's Howe.' Close behind us in the seaport town of Leith, and the Frith of Forth; eastward, along the coast, are two prominent landmarks—North Berwick Law and the Bass Rock. At the foot of the hill, on a rise of ground near St. Margaret's Loch, are the remains of St. Anthony's Chapel. On our way back to town we saw Duddingston

and the house in which Prince Charles slept the night before the battle of Preston-Pans. It is said that after the victory a certain Presbyterian minister who was known to be antagonistic to 'the cause' was requested (!) to pray for the welfare of the Prince; and, after a long-winded, ambiguous discourse, he closed his prayer by saying—"and as for the young prince who is come hither in quest of an earthly crown, grant, O Lord, that he may speedily receive a crown of glory!"

On Saturday, the 1st of May, we drove out to Roslin. Leaving the Royal Hotel we turned off Princes-street towards the Mound, past the Antiquarian Museum and the National Gallery of Paintings, past the stately buildings of the Bank of Scotland, till we came to the Lawn Market; then, instead of crossing George IV. Bridge, we went down to the Grass-Market,—where the mob 'lynched' Captain Porteous in 1736,—and along the curious old street called Candle-maker-row, to Greyfriar's Churchyard. This was the place where the Covenanters were imprisoned in 1679, and where so many of them suffered a cruel death; here, years before, the Covenant was signed, and to this day the gravestone is pointed

out on which the document lay while the signatures were being affixed to it.

To the west of the church is Herriot's Hospital; eastward, near the South-bridge, is the University College: the latter stands on the site of the ancient Kirk-of-field,—at that time (1567) situated, says Buchanan—"into the maist desolute part of the towne, sumtyme inhabitit while the Papische preistis Kingdom lestit, bot for centane yeiris past without ony dwaller, in sic a hous as of itself wald haif fallen downe, yif it had not bene botched up." In olden times the city walls extended along here, enclosing the town, on the south side, from the Castle to the Canongate: "A wall of unequal height, from 10 or 12 to 18 or 20 feet high, shut in the city on three sides; and excluded the smugglers."—*Home.* Down, past the infirmary, across the meadows—those beautiful park lands—and out into the country we went, following a road that leads through the prettiest part of the district lying to the south of the city.

The green fields, where sluggish kine browsed sleepily beneath the shade of oak and hawthorn tree, the winding hedges, where the yellow

gorse peeped out in its springtime freshness, and the ivy, hiding the ragged wall with a veil of waxen leaves, were all such a treat to us after our long sea voyage! At one place we would pass through the narrow, crooked streets of a closely built hamlet, and then again the country would spread out before us—a magnificent prospect. Through iron gates we catch a glimpse of gravelled paths leading up to some ancestral mansion; further on we come to a little, straggling red brick cottage nestling among the apple trees—just such an old fashioned homestead with the thatched out buildings, the well house, the tiles and the hollyhocks, as Birkett Foster has painted for us a hundred times. From the road, between Newington and Liberton, we see Craigmillar Castle, where Queen Mary lived in the latter part of 1566.* On through Burdiehouse, Straiton and Bilstonburn, until we arrive at Roslin. The chapel, we are informed, was founded in 1446. It is a small building, only

* As soon as the Queen was able to travel she returned, by way of Kelso and Dunbar, to Edinburgh, and took up her residence, probably by the advice of her physicians, at the castle of Craigmillar, a massive, feudal fortress, three miles to the south of the capital.—Hosack's *Mary Queen of Scots.*

70 feet in length and 35 feet wide, but most elaborate in design, being decorated with almost every device known in the sculptor's art. Ceiling and wall, base and capitol are profusely covered with representations of flowers, foliage, grotesque figures, angel faces and dragon heads, and carved cornices fretted and tessellated in all sorts of fanciful shapes. There are seven columns supporting the upper walls and roof; one of these, the "Prentice's Pillar," is exceptionally beautiful Tradition says that when the chapel was building the master builder found that he was unable to complete this pillar and went to Rome to qualify himself for the task; but while he was away his apprentice finished the work. His master, on returning, was so envious of the skill shown by the young man that, in a fit of passion, he struck him with a mallet and killed him. A story very much like this is told of the 'rose' window at Rouen, Normandy, only it winds up differently:—"Being condemned to suffer for his crime, no workman could be found capable of completing the master's work, wherefore he was pardoned by the Pope, and, having finished the building, became a monk of a severe order." A



ROSLIN CHAPEL, SCOTLAND.

happy man is he who 'makes a virtue of necessity!' Leaving the chapel we went along the glen to Roslin Castle, on the top of a cliff overhanging the River Esk. A guide took us through and pointed out the various objects of interest—the State prison, the kitchen with its immense fire place, the yew tree 600 years old the 'escape' &c.; the latter is a tunnel, partially filled up, which antiquarians say once connected the Castle with Hawthornden, a mile farther down the river. The ancient mansion of Hawthornden is situated in one of the most romantic spots in this picturesque neighbourhood. It was the home of Drummond, the poet; and here Ben Jonson spent many happy days. We can imagine these two worthies as they have strolled together through the glen, or paused, perhaps, under the boughs of 'Rare Ben Jonson's Tree,' while Drummond poured into his friend's sympathetic ear the sad story of his lost love!

Poor, loyal poet, whose heart found consolation in this beautiful dell.

> Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
> Far from the clamorous world doth live his own.
> Thou solitary, who is not alone,
> But doth converse with that eternal love.*

* A Solitary Life—*Drummond.*

* * * * * * *

Sitting at my window in the evening and watching the lights of the old town blinking in the distance, I thought of the time when these ruins, now fast falling to decay, and the dejected looking habitations in the city, were tenanted by the wealthy and the noble. Holyrood—with its glorious history, its mournful memories; Roslin—with its long line of barons, each buried in his armour; the rock bound castle and the old houses in High-street—all seem to tell the same tale, and the moral is: *Evanescence!*

* * * * * * *

And in these twilight dreams my thoughts drift back,—haunted by a fair, sweet face with pleading eyes, that speak their innocence,—to other years; before the days of Montrose and Argyle, before the times of Knox and his assembly, erewhile the white queen tasted power or prisonment: back to the days of her childhood. In the long, long ago—more than 300 years, far away on the Isle of Rest—Inchmahome, by the waters of Menteith's Lake, by the side of the 'Nun's Hill,' five little girls were playing; playing as children play to-day, running about in the long grass, making

'posies,' throwing pebbles into the calm loch, to watch the circles meet and cross each other and ever widen till they reach the shore; leading the others in butterfly chases or in gathering the wild flowers, the little maid roamed about from morn till eventide with her playmates—the four Marys, then and afterwards her constant companions; only for the hours of prayer and study (for good Prior Erskine was not neglectful of their education) did the little ones forsake their outdoor games, to rest for a while under the spreading chestnut trees. In Agnes Strickland's *Life of Mary, Queen of Scots* is shown a charming picture of her as she appeared when at Inchmahome:—"Her shining hair, which in childhood was of a bright golden yellow, was bound with a rose-coloured, satin snood; and she wore a tartan scarfe over a black silk, fastened with a golden agrafe, engraved with the united arms of Scotland and Lorraine. The little queen, in this picturesque array, was the delight of every eye, when she was seen pursuing her gay sports with her juvenile court on the lake shore." If we follow Mary's career from these bright days to the dark hour when her head fell beneath the axe; if we

take into consideration all circumstances and surroundings, and by conscientious study of facts and a careful analysis of events and of their origin, we are enabled to see her character in its true light. then must we indeed be hardhearted if we can think of this unfortunate queen without emotions, as I have said before, of pity and regret.

Note 1.—"At last, quhen he wes cumin throw the vail that lyis to the gret est fra the said castell, quhare now lyis the Cannogait; the staill past throw the wod with sic noyis and din of rachis and bugillis, that all the bestis wer rescit fra thair dennis. Now wes the King cumin to the fute of the crag, and all his noblis severit heir and thair, fra him, at thair game and solace; quhen suddanlie apperit to his sicht the farest hart that evir wes sene afore with levand creatour. The noyis and din of this hart, rinnand, as apperit, with auful and braid tindis, maid the King's hors so effrayit that na renyeis micht hald him; bot ran, perforce, ouir mire and mossis, away with the King. Nochtheless, the hart followit so fast that he dang baith the King and his hors to the ground. Than the King kest aback his handis betwixt the tindis of this hart, to haif savit him fra the strak thairof; and the haly croce slaid, incontinent, in his handis. The hart fled away with gret violence, and evanist in the same place quhare now springis the Rude Well. Sone efter, the King returnit to his castell; and in the nicht following, he was admonished be ane vision in his sliep, to big ane abbay of channonis regular in the same place quhare he gat the croce."—John Bellenden's *Cronikles of Scotland*, Buke Twelf, Chap. XVI., translation from Boece's *Hist.*, 1536.

Note 2.—"The King, her husband, in the one and twentieth yeere of his age, in the dead time of the night, by a hateful and abominable villanie (which all good men doe detest) was strangled in his bed, and cast into a garden, and the house blowne up with gunpowder. A rumor forthwith was divulged in all Brittaine, and the fault laid upon Mourton, Murrey, and their confederates. And they, insulting upon the weakness of her sex, laid it from themselves upon the Queen."—

The History of Marie Steward, Queen of Scotland, p. 28; Will. Strangvage, London, 1624.

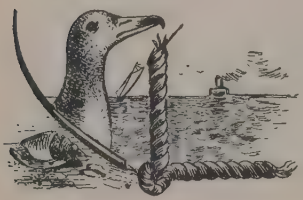
Note 3.—"The 19 day of Junij, this same zeire, Queine Marey was brought to bed, in the castell, of a sone, quho was christened in the chapell royall of Streuelinge, the 22 of Aguste, this same zeire, by the name of Charles James; his goodfathers wer Charles the 9, the Frenche King, and Amadeus, Duck of Savoy; his goodmother, was Elizabeth, Queine of England."—*Balfour.* "Despite the repugnance which she felt, the Queen of England consented, with seeming gladness, to be the godmother of the new born child."—De Flandre's translation of *Petit's History.*

Note 4.—King Malcom died on the 13th of Nov., 1093, and his loving queen survived him only a few days. . . . she gave back her saintly soul to heaven, in the Castle of Maidens [*Castrum Puellarum*] on the 16th day of Nov., the fourth day after the King." And she was buried at Dunfermline. "Ut nec itinerantibus in mari vel arida nihil obfuit, sed prospere ad optatum locum, ecclesian, videlicit, de Dunfermlyn; ubi in Christo requiescit."—Fordun's *Chronicals*, Book V. chap. XX.

CHAPTER VII.

TRISTAN D'ACUNHA—A VOYAGE OF EIGHTY DAYS.

Gloomy London—Cabby and his Fare—In the "Doldrums"—Moonlight on a Tropical Sea—Island of Tristan d'Cunha: History, Inhabitants and Mode of Life—"Governor Glass"—Disaster—We lose Two Masts and One Life—The Fatal Albatross—Australia.



LONDON, the 31st May—the day of our departure, and a cold, wet, gloomy day it was too! The rain which had fallen steadily all the morning now dwindled away to a fine mist—one of those penetrating mists which seems to be aware of having lost the importance of being called rain, and so bears a grudge to every unfortunate pedestrian who chances to be out of doors; waiting for him at odd corners—as though in league with the wind—and filling his face and neck with a chilling, tickling moisture, that makes him feel even more miserable than he looks! It settled on the house tops, the pavements and the roadway; it clung to the naked branches of the trees and frosted each twig with dewy beads; it

drenched the poor horses till their panting sides steamed with little vapoury clouds, while it filled the brim of the cabman's hat with a small pool of water, that ran off in rills whenever he bent his head. It was one of these itinerant water-spouts who drove me, in a tumbledown old hack, to the docks where the ship lay. I have seen professional 'strong men' going through contortions as they lifted heavy weights, but never did I witness an exhibition where greater strength was needed, as this man endeavoured to show by the way in which he lugged my trunks down and got them on board. Such groaning, and puffing, and grunting! And when, at last, he came up to me and wiped away what was supposed to be the 'sweat of his brow,' with the back of his sleeve, he looked as though a whole shipload of money would be but a slight offering to repay his Herculean exertions. Yet, with a pitiful face, he accepted an 'extra bob.'

The docks of London on a foggy day is a place cheerless enough to suit a Mark Tapley; and as we stand, in the drizzle, on the mud-begrimed deck, of a ship bound for the other side of the world, we know that, in all the bedraggled crowd

along the wharf, there will not be one hand waved to us in farewell, and that every face on board will be strange, there is not much comfort in the thought that the voyage will occupy the best part of three months, and that, in the land of 'Greater Britain' at the antipodes, we shall not know a soul!

The *Melbourne*—a clipper-built sailing vessel of 1857 tons—belonged to the Blackwall line; she was a full rigged ship, which carried passengers and a mixed cargo to Australia, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, but not touching at any port. The passengers who take this route are generally those who have plenty of time, travelling for the enjoyment thereof, or for the benefit of their health. My cabin mate was a young student from one of the German universities, and, having been a member of a 'fighting corps,' his face bore evidence to many duels—being, on one side, covered with scars.

We were towed down the Thames and for a long way down Channel, as there was a stiff breeze against us from the south-west. On the second day the pilot left us, and soon afterwards we sighted the last point of land—Start Point on

the Devonshire coast. We had a comparatively smooth passage across the Bay of Biscay, and passed the island of Madeira—which we saw quite plainly—on the 10th June; then it began to grow hotter as we neared the equatorial latitude. Two weeks after this we were fairly in the 'Doldrums,' lying there, without a breath of wind, completely becalmed. The sea, calm as a quiet lake, had an appearance of oily smoothness, but when the sun's rays fell obliquely on the water the great deep flashed in alternating bands of blue and gold which looked like burnished metal. Sometimes a shark would show his portentous fin above the surface, or a porpoise would turn a somersault, at others we saw the gleam of the silvery bonita diving beneath the bows, or the nautili with their delicate pink and white sails, which floated by, each day. The sun beat full upon us in the day time, almost blistering the paint on the wood-work, while the tar and pitch became soft and sticky; but at night it was much cooler and we took advantage of the kindly shades by staying on deck until near midnight. A few hours being here a wonderful change. Only under cover of the awning was the quarter deck

endurable in the day time, but in the evening we sought the full glare of the delicious moonlight, and there, propped up with pillows, we lay about the deck and whiled the time away in idle gossip, or, in pensive reverie, we smoked the pipe of peace "in silence and alone."

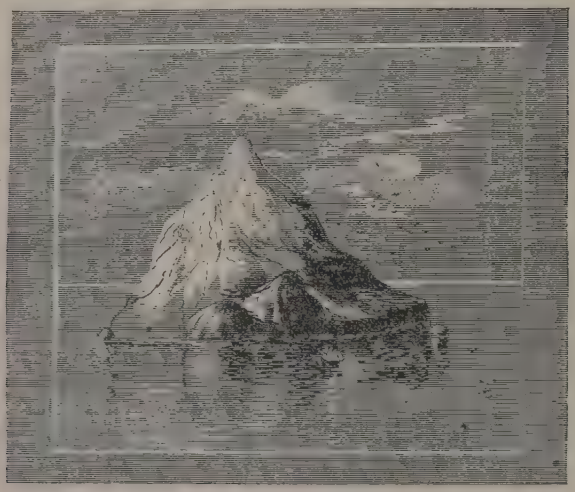
I know of nothing more beautiful, more impressive in nature than the rising of the full moon upon a tropical sea; long before it is visible we see a reflection hanging above the horizon like a gigantic *ignis fatuus*; this translucent herald of the brighter luminary increases in light every moment; little opal clouds flit past, and then we discern a slender gleam upon the waters resembling the glow of a magnesian wire. Now the moon seems to cleave the sea and to rise out of it, but so clear, so sharp—like the broad blade of a scimitar—as to give the idea that it is not so very far away, but lies between the ship and the horizon. Then, as Diana, free of the waves, takes her place amid the stars a flood of pale green light is flung across the gently-heaving, phosphorescent waters, widening as it advances, until it reaches the glistening side of the vessel, athwart the decks of which it casts deep shadows

that lengthen and contract like living things of mystery. Nature speaks to nature with one voice but with many tongues. The thunderous blare of Niagara tells only of itself. It is the trumpet blast proclaiming the awful magnificence, of the water-fall, but awakening no responsive echo—for comparison there is none; the grand spectacle appeals to the eye and carries the mind forward—to the future, to the unknown. Not so speaks to us the tranquil, moonlit sea. Its serene beauty is the effect of a greater cause, and as the day precedes the night, so do our thoughts go backward, for, in quiet moments, of calm reflection the Past is ever near—the amaranthine Past. O, Memory! Memory! kind, cruel, capricious; how many there be who sigh for the water of Lethe; how many, again, who plead, with the prayer of *The Haunted Man*,—"Lord, keep my memory green!"

We crossed the 'line' on the 24th, and that night the sailors had a concert on the main deck, at which they gave an exhibition of step dancing, and sang a number of music hall songs. They had good voices, but their selections were shocking—in every sense of the word! After the hat

had been passed round among the passengers the 'tars' retired to the forecastle, where they held high carnival till the watch was changed—after eight bells, midnight.

For the next four or five days we were practically wind-bound, and were so far to the westward



TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.

as to be within three hundred miles of the South American coast; but we gradually ratched into the 'trades,' and began to make easting again. On the morning of the 10th of July, while at breakfast, we were told that land was in sight, and going on deck we could see, fifty miles to the

south, the snow-capped top of a mountain—the island of Tristan d'Acunha.

One thousand two hundred miles from the Cape of Good Hope, and farther still from Cape Horn, it lies in the south Atlantic, almost midway between Africa and South America. It has an area of about twenty-five square miles, and the peak in the centre which rises to a height of 8,300 feet, can be seen at a distance of twenty-five leagues. There is but a small portion of the island habitable, it being nearly surrounded by a coast line of precipitous rocks which rise, perpendicularly, 1,000 feet from the shore. It was first explored by the Dutch, in 1643, and by the French in 1767. The place attracted particular attention in 1816, when the British Government sent troops there to prevent the French making it a base of operations in communicating with Napoleon, who was then a prisoner at St. Helena. When the troops left the island, in 1824, a corporal, William Glass, stayed behind, with his wife, two children and two comrades, to make the place their home; they were afterwards reinforced by others, for the little colony soon received an addition to its numbers. An

outward-bound ship struck on the rocks of an adjacent isle and the crew with great difficulty saved their lives and a small portion of the ship's provisions; but the stores were very soon consumed, and they would have perished had it not been for the sea cows (a species of seal) which they killed and the sea-birds and bird's eggs. After several unsuccessful attempts, they finally managed to construct a boat of a very frail description, but sufficiently stout to carry them to the larger island, Tristan, where they were welcomed by "Governor" Glass. In 1852 the population numbered eighty-five, "all acknowledging the Church of England communion," and at present there are one hundred and five people living on the little, boulder covered, grassy slope on the north side; occupying, I am told, sixteen or eighteen small houses. They live by raising fowls, pigs, and goats, sheep and a few head of cattle. They grow a little grain, but the soil is more suited for the production of potatoes and other vegetables. The potato is the chief article of diet without it these poor people would fare badly. Wild geese, penguins, Cape cocks, albatrosses and ducks are plenti-

ful ; but the islanders pay more attention to fishing and catching seals and sea-lions, from which they obtain oil. An industrious people—but not overworked ; simple in their habits—but firm in their ideas of right and wrong according to the laws of civilisation; generous among themselves—yet fully alive to the advantages of trade, and quite aware of the real value of their commodities when bartering with strangers, the inhabitants of this tiny settlement are content to live their singularly uneventful lives in peace and cheerfulness ; ambition is an unknown word to them. A few miles away is Inaccessible Island, another rocky fastness ; here two brothers (Russians, Stoltenhoff) by name, managed to exist from Nov. 1871 to Oct. '73, when they were rescued by the *Challenger*. Governor Glass is dead ; but the colony still thrives. The following 'proclamation' sent to the Capetown authorities, shows that the department of education was not neglected in the earlier days:—"We, the undersigned, being three of the inhabitants of the Island of Tristan da Cunha, do hereby agree to furnish to any respectable, middle-aged people, (as man and wife) who are willing and capable

of undertaking the office of schoolmaster and schoolmistress, with house and all necessaries, as well as to present them every year at X-mas with a tenth part of the amount of sale of our produce, so long as the schoolmaster and schoolmistress conduct themselves with propriety, and choose to remain with us. . . . Signed by us, at Tristan da Cunha, this 17th day of January, 1834, on board His Majesty's brig Forester. W. M. Glass" (and two others).

We hove-to, four miles off the shore, at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. For a long time we could not see anything to indicate that we had been sighted; but at last a column of smoke rising from one of the cliffs told us that we might expect an invasion before long, and soon a small sailing boat was seen coming towards us. The 'colonists' made their boat fast to our ship and climbed up the side, bringing with them baskets and bags of matting filled with potatoes, eggs, fish, poultry and bottles of milk, these articles they traded for tea, sugar, clothing and spirits; the passengers purchased curiosities, such as the skins of birds, pouches made of penguin's crests, dried feet of the albatross and molly-hawk, fishes' teeth,

&c. They also brought us the funniest little pig I ever saw; he was only eleven inches high, and his bristles stuck up like a cock's comb all the way down the ridge of his little backbone! Our visitors stayed with us for an hour or two, and we had an opportunity of observing their manner and appearance. They were fine-looking, sturdy fellows, and spoke English perfectly; and when the time arrived for their departure they shook hands all round, gave a faint cheer and sailed back to their sea-girt home better laden than when they left it. It was late when we made sail; passing along the eastern side and out into the open sea again, we soon saw the last of this forlorn island; night had come upon us, and directly over our heads shone the five stars of the beautiful Southern Cross. A few days before this, when one of the passengers shot at and wounded a large albatross that was flying by, there were those who were inclined to be superstitious, regarding the circumstance as ominous of trouble to come; and when the dead albatrosses were brought on board at Tristan, the credulous said it forboded no good. However, superstition or not, it was only two days

after we left the island that we nearly lost the vessel and one poor life went down into the deep! Thus we had a startling reminder of the fate of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner:—

> . . . with my cross bow
> I shot the albatross!
> And all averred, I had killed the bird
> That made the breezes blow,
> Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
> Had I from old and young!
> Instead of the cross, the albatross
> About my neck was hung.

All day Sunday it blew a perfect gale, and the sea rose, lashed by the furious wind, till, as far as the eye could see, the mad waves chased each other in long lines of snow white foam which hid the green hollows between the folding crests. We tore through the water at a tremendous pace, and the seething brine was churned till it hissed like a boiling caldron. Sometimes a heavy sea would heave athwart our course and, as the ship heeled over tons of water would pour over the bows and bulwarks, flooding the main deck from fo'castle to cuddy. All day the storm kept up, and the wind did not seem to abate its violence untill late in the night.

The next morning, 12th July, there was scarcely

a breath of air blowing; but the sea was rolling in great high waves. It was a tremendous strain on the ship, for the sails were useless, only flapping at each lurch of the vessel, with a noise like the discharge of great guns. About three o'clock in the afternoon word was passed down the companionway that the main royal stay had parted. From the deck we could see the mast had been started, and it swayed to and fro like a fishing rod with a loose joint; if nothing were done it was plain that the royal-mast would soon snap. But at sea they do not wait for things to take their course, and a sailor was soon making his way aloft followed by the second officer; just as they reached the cross trees the ship rolled heavily to leeward, and as it returned to the weather side with terrific force something parted—there was a horrible sound of breaking timber, a tearing, sickening noise, and the main top-mast, top-gallant and royal-mast swung out, broke, and crashed down on the deck, bringing with them the mizzen top-gallant and royal-masts with all the yards, blocks and tackle! In a moment the decks were covered with a network of tangled roping, twisted stays, and splintered yards, but

the great danger lay on the outside. There, thumping with the force of a battering ram, was the wreck of the main-mast with all its spars and gearing, bound by a score of ropes and steel-wire stays; rasping, grinding, thundering against the side of the ship this deadly encumbrance threatened to burst through the plates! After a momentary pause of dismay the sailors set to work to cut us free from the floating *debris;* they tried to keep it hauled close till all the ropes were severed, but twice the dangerous mass drifted out of reach, only to be caught up by the waves and hurled against us with a blow that made the ship tremble from stem to stern. But at last we were free, and had time to look about and comprehend more fully the extent of the calamity which had befallen us; for truly we were in a sad state of disorder, if not in peril. The men who fell with the masts miraculously escaped with their lives, but were disabled for the rest of the voyage. Taking all things into consideration, we congratulated ourselves on coming off as well as we did. But disaster still hung about our ship; and scarcely had the shades of evening gathered round us when down

came the rain in torrents, and the wind increasing with the darkness, blew through the tattered shrouds and rigging, fraying the rope yarn in long, tawny switches that streamed out like witches' hair. I was standing at the door which opens to the quarter deck, watching the men moving about with lanterns, making things as snug as possible for the night, when I heard the cry,—"man overboard!" Two or three of the crew came running aft to assist in lowering the port quarter boat, while others hurried to the ship's side with lights; but the sea was too high to allow the boat to be launched, and the captain would not run the risk of losing more lives, And it would have been all in vain, for the poor sailor, who fell from the upper fore-topsail yard, went down with his sea boots and oilskins on, and was never seen after he struck the water. For a long time we watched the black, seething eddies, hoping to see the man, but saw nothing, only some planks which had been thrown out drifted past and vanished in gloom beyond the halo cast by our lights. This occurrence affected us far more than the catastrophe of the morning, and it was many days before the horror of it wore off. The

sailors said he had told them that this was to be his last voyage before settling down, with his mother, at his old home near Dover.

It took the best part of two weeks to get the ship into anything like order; they set up a jury top mast, and, the winds being favourable we made very fair progress during the remainder of the voyage. On the 21st we were in the longitude of the Cape of Good Hope; 2nd of August we sighted the Island of St. Paul; on the 11th we were off Cape Leuwin (West Australia); and on the 18th we arrived at Melbourne, after a voyage of eighty days. It is curious that the steamer which came out to take us up the Bay was called the Albatross!

CHAPTER VIII.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

Port Phillip Bay—Queenscliff—A Poor Memory and its Consequences—Sydney Harbour—The City—Public Buildings—The Botanical Gardens—Watson's Bay—A Glorious Sunset.

ALTHOUGH there is a line of railway between Melbourne and Sydney, and the journey is performed in about twenty hours, the pleasanter trip is by steamer—two days. Compared with our Canadian railways the service is wretched: the sleeping-cars are small, and there is only one on the train; the lines are of a different gauge in each of the two colonies—necessitating a change from one train to another, and this at midnight; the roadway must be in a bad state, for, on one occasion (Sep. 5th, '91), when we were going to Sydney the whole track—sleepers and rails—*shifted nearly a foot;* the buffers on the carriage next to the engine were broken off, and those on the other carriages were 'jumped' the one over the other and interlocked! As we were going at the rate of forty miles an hour, it was a wonder

we were not thrown off the line; all this on account of flimsy ballasting.

My first trip to Sydney was by sea. We left Melbourne on 25th of July, in the S. S. *Orient*, and proceeded down the South Channel—the usual route of all large vessels, intercolonial and smaller steamers taking the direct course down the centre of the bay, as they do not draw so much water. Port Phillip Bay is about thirty miles in length, and from twenty to twenty-five miles wide. Leaving Hobson's Bay—the northern inlet—we passed the men-of-war and the shipping anchored off Williamstown, leaving St. Kilda, Elsternwick, and the pretty suburb of Brighton on our left; farther on, to the south, we saw Mordialloc, a great place for picnics and holiday outings, and beyond that the blue heights of the Dandenong Ranges—a hazy, indigo background. Frankston, Mornington and Dromana are the next little towns on the east side, the last nestles at the foot of Arthur's Seat—a mountain which is a landmark for many miles around. We passed the South Channel Fort, a solitary islet, and soon the picturesque hotels and villa residences of Sorrento hove in sight; this is one of the most popular

sea-side resorts of Victoria—and deservedly so, for the authorities have spared no pains in making it attractive, with winding walks, summer houses, sheltered nooks and high observatories which ornament the shore along the Back Beach; Sorrento, suggestive of Italy! Sorrento of pleasant memories! Across the bay, in the distance, are the three peaks of You-Yangs—hills of historic interest, from whose summit the white man first gazed upon the upper waters of Port Phillip Bay; to the south of these is the thriving town of Geelong. Queenscliff, three miles from the entrance to the Bay, is a town of about twelve hundred inhabitants; but during the 'season' the population is doubled, without counting the thousands who come down for the day. It is a pretty little place—situated high up on the bluff, which slopes back to the Swan Ponds; it has a long stretch of sandy beach, reaching to Point Lonsdale, and an Esplanade which runs along the top of the cliff, with here and there seats and clumps of trees. (Ah, how often have I sat there and watched the tide come and go; watched the ships as they came in and anchored there by the jetties—the long, white jetties that

stretch out into the bay, like bands of silver lace on blue velvet; watched till the sun went down and little lights streamed out across the water; resting there in the hours of the early night, counting not the time, only knowing that there was peace upon land and sea.) A long line of batteries extends along the sea-wall, (for it is a garrison town;) and the works there, and at Swan Island, are mounted with the best B. L. and H. P. guns. Leaving Sorrento, with its white houses peeping through the dark green foliage, we were soon abreast the old Cliff. How different our own town looks as we pass through by rail: little gardens, houses, back yards and alley-ways, of which we had no knowledge, spring into view; while all streets seem to lead up to our car window—and no farther. This day, as we steamed past, Queenscliff appeared as a large island; the acacia trees and cape-broom, with their yellow blossoms, against the sombre ti-tree had a pretty effect and the white line of breakers looked like a giant necklet encircling the beautiful shore. We saw the towers of the three large hotels which rise far above the roofs of the smaller buildings, and we caught a glimpse of the white

church, and the "lookout" on the bluff; at the fort, the blue ensign furled and unfolded itself idly in the gentle breeze; while the sound of a bugle-call was heard in the direction of the "Crow's Nest"—the one-gun battery on the Sand Hill.

In half an hour we passed over the 'Rip'—and the sand-bar—and were ploughing our way through the blue waters of the Pacific.

I never go down the bay now without thinking of a little scene which occurred, on the steamer *Ozone*, one day, last summer, when I was on my way to the Cliff, and the fact that I have a very poor memory for identity of faces caused me, at the time, considerable embarrassment. Soon after leaving Sandridge pier, as I was strolling along the deck, listening to the music of the harpers and looking about to see if any of my friends were on board, I heard someone calling my name, and, turning round, saw a lady whose face was familiar to me, reclining in a deck-chair, but when or where I had seen her, or what her name was, I could not remember. "Oh, how do you do? I'm awfully glad to see you; get a chair and sit down here. And how are they all at Albert Park?" she said. I replied

that we were all quite well, and asked if they were all well at her place. "*They!* oh, I suppose you mean Jack and Nellie!" she answered, "I thought you had forgotten Nell!"

After a few indirect questions—and evasive answers—my newly-found, old acquaintance said—"What a nice time we used to have on the promenade! hadn't we? do you remember those lovely evenings?" *Those lovely evenings!* What is coming next, I wondered! "A—y-e-s—; yes, oh, yes, but it was terribly rough at times," I ventured, thinking that, perhaps, the 'promenade' meant that part of the deck of a vessel. "Rough! ah, you mean the crowd." "Yes." This was not true; but I was simply holding out to get a clue to my fair friend's identity. If we have only sense enough to tell the truth at first, the rest is always easier sailing. "Poor Nell," said my tormentor, "I don't think she ever did like you, —certainly not after that night at the hotel." *That night at the hotel!* There seemed to be a hot wind blowing from some quarter; the mercury was going up,—must be 100 in the shade! I tried to think of every 'Nell' I had ever met, or heard of, but the more I puzzled my brain about

it the more mystified I became, and the diagonal line of the initial letter became perfectly horizontal. "Don't you remember when she was locked up in your room all one ni—" "No, I don't, and—" "Why yes, we all knew it was *you*, for in the morning you tied a tin can or something to—" "Oh! yes! to be sure. You are Mrs. A—, of Malvern." "Didn't you know me?" I felt relieved, nevertheless, and the thermometer again registered the normal temperature. She was a lady who had been with us at the same hotel on the Esplanade, or 'promenade,' last season; and one night her little wretch of a dog, "Nellie," got shut up in my room. I had no love for the little pet, but my bootjack was found to be quite attached to her, in the morning. Poor old John, too, I remembered very well; he was one of those good-natured souls who are always in trouble of some kind—generally money. He once said to me,—"Do you know I have been 'in the soup' for ten years, borrowing and paying back; it's the paying back that keeps the business going, *Peter and Paul*, don't you know; I'm a sort of joint-stock company — floating shares on myself. I wish someone would ask me for

cash, just to hear the same old question which fate seems to have stereotyped and framed for me." But I assured the old chappie that the pleasure would not be lasting.

We arrived off Sydney Heads early on the morning of the 28th of July. I went on deck expecting to see something charming in the way of scenery—green, undulating hills, 'soft landscape' in the distance, etc., but here we were almost surrounded by high walls of rock which towered above us three hundred feet or more; at the base, great blocks of stone rose from the seething swirl, like marine monsters, against which the waves dashed themselves into foam, as though trying to smother them with an endless spume of hurtling spray. On the South Head stands the lighthouse and on the opposite point are the grim outworks of a battery. But we quickly passed on; the "jib" was hoisted, to get a sharper turn, the vessel's bow swung round, and in a few minutes we were within Sydney Harbour. San Francisco, Rio Janeiro and Sydney possess the finest harbours in the world; but in point of beauty Port Jackson N. S. W. merits the palm! American scenery is attractive, princi-

pally, in its bold outlines: the confused masses of rocks and trees, rugged hills, broad rivers and incurvated bays; we are delighted with the rural scenery of England: the peaceful-looking meadows bordered with green hedges, the quiet lanes where birds build nests in gnarled oaks, or the gently-sloping hill and the river winding like a ribbon among the fells; the French are proud of their artificial lakes and basins, their esplanades, boulevards and botanical gardens; the beauty of the tropics is in the foliage and the natural colours of the flora; while here, round about this lovely Sydney Harbour, we see united the attractive features of each of these.

Everyone was enchanted with the scene! The Sydneyites are, justly, very proud of their bay; and the 'new chum' is sure to be asked,—"And what do you think of our harbour?" It is on record that only one stranger has been known to say that he was disappointed. But then he was from Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Sydney is, undoubtedly, a fine city, with a population of 386,000; but the streets are narrow and crooked, and the buildings, though substantial and, unsurpassed, in the colonies, for beauty,

(Melbourne to the contrary notwithstanding) they cannot be seen to advantage. The general Post Office, with its graceful tower rising to the height of nearly two hundred feet above the pavement; the various government buildings; palatial hotels; immense warehouses, and magnificent churches, would be ornamental and creditable to any city in Europe. The suburbs are beautifully laid out and tastefully adorned with shade trees and gardens, and the residences are perfect pictures of homes in which comfort and comeliness are combined. But the tourist lingers longest by the water-side; the little bays which indent the shore of the larger bay for miles have a greater charm for him than any city spectacle. About sixty miles away are the Blue Mountains; the highest point—Mt. Victoria, is 3,450 feet above the sea. The celebrated 'Zigzag' railway runs to the top, and is said to be a marvel of engineering skill; it is so named on account of the way in which it is built. A train starts from the valley and proceeds so far up the mountain side, then it reverses and backs up to another point, then goes forward, then reverses again; and so on until it arrives at the summit!

Nearly every country has its national 'bogie.' In Canada we have the spectral 'annexationist;' in Australia it is a 'Russian Invasion.' The colonials know that if the Russians, or an army belonging to any first-class power, were to land on the shores of Western Australia, the colonies, without aid from Great Britain, would be powerless to frustrate the designs of the enemy. And it will likely be a long time before the ties are severed that bind the new country to the old. The Australian clings, from a feeling of sentiment to the red-cross banner of St. George, and with a sense of safety to the ironclads flying it.

In one of the Melbourne papers there used to be a chart giving a forecast of the weather,—a sort of 'old probabilities' on a diagram. The outlines of the island continent were shown, with little arrows flying along the shores and across the country to indicate the direction and velocity of the wind, with certain figures and characters to demonstratte the state of the atmosphere. Now if we look up the chart for the first of August, we find the 'high'-temperature mark in the vicinity of Sydney,—unusually high for *winter!* During the fore part of the afternoon

few people were out of doors; but towards evening the streets assumed a livlier appearance; carriages began to roll along George street, and shopkeepers to forget the monotonous inactivity of the mid-dayhour in endeavours to supply the wants of their many customers, and to create wants their fair *patronnes* had not thought of before. Crowds flocked to the Gardens and the Domain was over-run with people straggling about or lounging under the shade of spreading branches; some wandered round seeking their favourite seats, others, so ensconced, gazed on the beauties of the scene before them, giving way to reverie and rest. Many had brought their sun-shades with them — those immense, white, green-lined umbrellas so often seen in India and the Colonies, and the lawn of the Botanical Gardens had the appearance of a field of giant mushrooms. Excursion boats steamed up and down the bay, and little yachts flapped their sails, impatient for the wind which scarcely lifted the pennants, and lazy fellows lolled about the decks in the heat, under the impression that people envied them their enjoyment. While numerous small craft plied between the shore and harbour; for

it was 'visitors' day' on board the men-of-war.

Seeing one of the little steamers getting ready for a trip down the bay I thought I could not do better than join the pleasure-seeking crowd, so I went aboard; soon we were skimming along the smooth water, bound for Watson's Bay, which is six or seven miles from the city, near the Heads. It is a very picturesque spot, and I felt I never could see enough of it — till I missed the last boat for town, and remembered that it was Saturday night! However, making the best of it, I engaged a room at the inn, and then climbed to the top of of the nearest hill to enjoy the magnificent view. On one side was the Pacific Ocean, its waves thundering against the beetling cliff; on the other lay the calm waters of the bay, hardly disturbed by a ripple. Far away in the distance was Sydney, its towers and domes bathed in the rich sunset light. The day had been perfect, and, until this hour, not a cloud was in the sky. But as the sun sank towards the horizon, clouds began to gather in the west, and to form fantastic shapes. Low down were huge masses of vapour res-

embling rocks and mountains rising out of the sea; while high up in the heavens the clouds were scattered and fleecy. Slowly sank the sun behind the misty barrier, and new colours were added to the scene. Here appeared a lavender-tinted sea reflecting many cloudlets: there the light grey streak contrasted strangely with the deep red background. Now a bar of vermilion light would shoot up into the sky, tinging every crescent billow with purple — the long, dark-green billows that lazily broke upon the sandy shore far down the bay. The sun sank lower; and just before the great, red ball of fire disappeared, a small sailing vessel slowly crossed the opalescent waves. O! the exquisite beauty of the scene!

> The anchor was gilded with ruddy gold,
> And each rope was woven through with silk.

It was like a glimpse into fairyland; for the waters were scalloped in crimson combs, and the clouds were lined with silver sheen. But the sun went down; the bright colours faded from the sky; the rosy tint changed to the faintest purple, then to grey; the sea assumed a peculiar leaden hue; and the night wind, whistling through

the wattle branches, seemed to sing a requiem for those ancient mariners who "were the first that ever burst into that silent sea."

The next morning, after breakfast, I walked into town. The road winds in and out around the little inlets which indent the shores of the larger bay; sometimes leading one close to the water's edge, sometimes mounting gently to the uplands, from the rise of which I could see the road behind me for miles. I paused on one of these heights to get breath, but the beautiful picture spread out before me almost took it away again. Southward, about seven miles, was the celebrated Botany Bay, where Capt. Cook landed, in 1770, from his ship the *Endeavour*. Seeing an old man coming along the road, I stopped and asked him if he knew the name of a certain bay, I pointed out, about two miles away. "That," said he, "is Rushcutter's Bay; and the one on the other side of it, which you can't see, is Wooloomooloo; over there, to your right, is Manly Beach; that's a pretty place, a werry pretty place; you should go there; I've been there myself, but that's a good few years ago; I'm gettin' old now, and 've 'ad a deal o' sickness, and a large

fam'ly, and—and—ah, thank 'ee, sir, thank 'ee! What do you think of our harb—" I took up my staff-and moved onward. At each turn of the road new beauties presented themselves, for here were all the elements which contributed to nature's loveliness land and water in every form, rocks and trees; hills and valleys; tropical plants and homely shrubs, and over all the clear, blue sky. I think of this as the pleasantest walk I ever took by myself!

CHAPTER IX.

AUSTRALIA: MELBOURNE, AND BALLARAT.

Settlement and Population—Parks and Gardens—Government House and Parliament Buildings—'The Block'—Bourke-street and the Theatres—Public Library—St. Paul's Cathedral—The 'Cup' Race—Ballarat—A City of Statues—Old Colonist's Club—'Advance Australia.'

"MARVELOUS Melbourne" is what the Victorians delight to call their capital city. And, if we remember that only fifty-seven years ago there was not a house, not a white man's habitation of any kind here, we must agree that the name is not an inappropriate one. Bass landed on the shore of Western Port, Victoria, in January, 1798; Murray explored the coast in 1802; and Flinders entered Port Phillip Bay in the same year.* In 1803 Colonel Collins, with a batch of prisoners, landed on the narrow neck of land, near the Heads, where Sorrento—the beautiful sea-side resort—is now situated; but finding a scarcity of water he deemed the place unsuitable for the establishment of a penal settle-

* "Flinders, associated with Bass, had under him the gentle and distinguished Sir John Franklin, as a Midshipman."

ment, and, early in the following year, sailed away to Hobart-town, Tasmania. Thus was Victoria spared the unpleasant notoriety of being called a convict colony. In 1824 two explorers, Hovell and Hume, came down, across the country, from New South Wales and sighted the upper waters of Port Phillip Bay—(Hobson's Bay); and in 1835 Batman crossed over from Tasmania, ascended the river Yarra-Yarra, and endeavoured to purchase a large tract of land from the natives. But it was John Pascoe Fawkner who founded the city of Melbourne—named after the British Prime Minister of the day. The population is now (1892) 514,805—about 45 per cent. of that of the whole colony! The colony of Victoria (1,137,272) has but three towns, exclusive of Melbourne and its suburbs, in which the population runs into the "teens"—Ballarat—40,795, Bendigo —29,735, and Geelong—17,450. There are in Victoria alone, 8,137 Chinese, and 584 aborigines.

The first impressions of Melbourne are generally of a disappointing character, which arises from the fact that no matter by which route strangers enter the city they see the less attractive part of it; should they arrive at Williamstown the train

takes them along by the tanneries, rubbish desiccators, filthy bone yards, and across noisome mud-flats before the city is reached; and should they land at Port Melbourne—the old Sandridge—they must travel through the least pleasing portion of South Melbourne, where they will see little else than unpretentious stores, small iron foundries, lumber and tile yards, and rows of squat houses abutting on ill-kept streets, — the *localité* of the sailor's 'pub,' the *mont de piété*, and the ship chandler. It is only when Flinders-street station is reached that the substantial appearance of the buildings, and the magnificence of the streets can be fully comprehended. All the public buildings, shops, warehouses, hotels and residences in the main part of the city are of stone or brick. Those of the latter are generally decorated with ornamental mouldings and pilasters of stucco or cement; and but few wooden houses are to be found even in the suburbs, except the cottage-terraces occupied by the working classes. The streets are 99 feet wide —a chain and a half—the principal roadways are laid down in block pavement, the sidewalks being flagged with stone; and nearly all the

footpaths are of asphalt or stone. The city proper occupies the small area of a little over 5,000 acres; but the 'greater Melbourne' includes the cities of Richmond, Prahran, Fitzroy, Collingwood, and South Melbourne; the towns of Hawthorn, Brighton, North Melbourne, Williamstown, and Brunswick; and the boroughs of St. Kilda, Northcote, Kew, Essenden, Port Melbourne, Flemington, Footscray and Kensington. The total area of the district is 163,942 acres. There are many beautiful parks and gardens:—the Royal Park—444 acres; Albert Park—570; Botanical Gardens and the Domain — 235; Studley Park — 203 acres; besides numerous squares, smaller parks and gardens, and reserves. The attraction at the Royal Park is the 'zoo'; there is a fine collection of animals and birds, and nearly every steamer from India brings a 'specimen' for the Acclimation Society. When we visited the Gardens, the 'lion' of the hour was a rhinoceros which had come out in the *Bancoora*, a steamer which had run on the rocks near Point Barwon, and the huge pachyderm was brought ashore by ropes swung from the main-top; the favourite before this was a 'spitting lama.' Then

there is the 'feeding time' at the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept, the swan ponds, and the hours when, for a consideration, children (and others) may have a ride on the elephant. The kangaroos have a paddock to themselves, and this is the spot most frequented by the 'new chums.' The newly arrived young gentlemen from the classic ground between Tilbury and the Tower stand in wonderment before these active marsupials: 'Ee—e, look at 'im 'op, look at 'im 'op! ain't 'e got a bloomin' tail!' Cable trams run out to the Park grounds, and horse cars perform the rest of the journey to the Zoo. Near this place are the University grounds, with Trinity, the Presbyterian, and Ormond Colleges.

The Botanical Gardens are situated on the north side of the river Yarra, and are perhaps the pleasantest of all the outdoor resorts in Melbourne; from the Domain road—on the high ground beyond the Government House — the gardens slope downward to the river and to the lakes—pretty little artificial basins—where hundreds of wild ducks and many white and black swans swim about in the sunlight or rest

in the reedy recesses. There are three or four large conservatories for exotics, and the valley between the vice-regal residence and the eastern limit of the gardens is laid out in a 'fern-tree gully,' where shady paths wind through a little forest of fern-trees ten or fifteen feet high, above which the branches of the gum-trees spread a canopy—like the arms of a protecting brotherhood over the sisterhood of nature. Rustic bridges span the waterways by the lakes, and shady summer-houses half hidden by foliage, together with rockeries, are scattered throughout the grounds. Trees and foliage plants from every colony are to be found, and in the proper seasons the flower-beds are bright with every colour. One of the most pleasing effects is produced by a tall, straggling Australian gum-tree encircled by soft folds of the English ivy; the eucalyptus, which has grown rapidly, is but scantily clothed, and the new bark is a mixture of grey and green, but the vine wrapping itself round the great trunk, has covered the bare places with its polished leaves, and the whole forms a picture of strength and beauty. Is not this typical of the colony and the mother-country?



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE.

Government House, the residence of the Governor, is a rather unattractive building, erected on the best site in the whole city; it has a high, narrow tower, not unlike a chimney, and in fact, the place might easily be mistaken for a manufactory. But it is 'big,' and that satisfieth the average colonial. Visitors from other countries are struck with the vastness of the public buildings in Melbourne, and are at a loss to account for the *necessity* of such immense structures in such a little colony! Even here, some of the wiser heads are beginning to see the folly of this extravagance. At a public dinner not long ago, the President of the Legislative Council said: "They ought not to incur obligations without limit, every day, and spend large sums of money on public works which the public did not actually require. They had works in the colony ample for a population of from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 people, and yet the population was only about 1,000,000!'

On the ground floor of the House are the state drawing-rooms, dining-room and ball-room; the last is 150 x 60 feet, and in it the receptions are held. The first we attended was a 'crush' of the most approved order, but at the next reception (May

24, 1891), the room, to prevent crowding, was divided into sections, by heavy brass railings and the visitors then passed through in batches of about 100 at a time; 'drafted like sheep,' as one gentleman said. (Perhaps he was a 'squatter' from up country). At the upper end of the room, on a dais, the Governor, in Windsor uniform, received the loyal individuals who thronged the apartment in anticipation of shaking His Excellency's hand,—and of seeing their names in print in the newspapers. The Governor was surrounded by representatives of the church, the state, and the professions: The Bishop of Melbourne, the Archbishop (R.C.) of Melbourne, the Bishop of Ballarat and a host of Chaplains; Presidents of the Council and of the Legislative Assembly, clerks and ushers, the General of the forces and dozens of officers, the Mayor and members of the Corporation, the Chancellor of the University; judges, barristers, gentlemen of the medical profession, and all sorts and kinds of M.L.C. and M.L.A.

> With a great many more of lesser degree;
> In sooth a goodly company.

And each attired in his ecclesiastical, official,

military or academic habiliments, presenting a scene that would have rivalled the alleged gorgeousness of the 'cohorts' of the Assyrian! And yet there seemed to be a familiar look about it all; the brilliant uniforms, the ermine, the gold lace. Where had we beheld this scene before? Could it be—oh, no! not at Madame Tussaud's, surely? Perhaps it was just a faint dream of *The Old Curiosity Shop*; of an entertainment which 'refined the mind, cultivated the taste and enlarged the sphere of human understanding the delight of the nobility and gentry.' The present Governor, the Earl of Hopetoun, is deservedly popular. He is one of the hardest-worked men in the colony; he has left undone nothing that he considered it his duty to perform, and whether it be a state concert among the *élite*, or a workingman's 'eight hour' celebration, he welcomes it with appropriate words and with equal grace.

Next in official rank is Melbourne's favourite citizen, Sir James MacBain, K.C.M.G., President of the Legislative Council; a gentleman whose name is, throughout Victoria, a household word for liberality and kindliness of heart (to him I

owe especial thanks for genuine hospitality and many favours).

The Parliament buildings at the head of Bourke street, though uncompleted, give evidence of a massive beauty that, when the dome be erected, will be architecturally unsurpassed in the colonies. The Queen's Hall, in the centre, is a magnificent apartment 85 feet long, 45 feet wide and 54 feet in height. It contains a fine statue, in marble, of the Queen. Here are held the grand state dinners, generally given before the opening of Parliament. It was at one of these that I heard Lord Hopetoun make, what might be called, his 'maiden speech' in connection with his parliamentary duties. The hall looks extremely beautiful on an occasion of this kind, when the galleries and corridors are decorated with magnificent fern-trees. On the left of Victoria Hall is the Legislative Assembly chamber, and on the right is the chamber of the Legislative Council—the Upper House—corresponding to our Canadian Senate. The libraries extend across the end of the building, and near these are the refreshment rooms. There are 48 members of the Council and 95 members of the Legislative Assembly, all elected

by the ratepayers. Members of the Council are elected for six years, and one-third of them retire every other year. Members of the Legislative Assembly are elected for three years, unless Parliament be dissolved by the Governor.

A little to the south, on Spring street, is the Treasury, and behind it are other government buildings; near by are the Treasury gardens. On the rising ground, to the east of the gardens, is St. Patrick's (Roman Catholic) Cathedral, an unfinished edifice, but one that promises to eclipse all the other churches in architectural beauty—of interior and exterior. In front of the Treasury is Collins street, *the* street of Melbourne. The upper part is mostly occupied by doctors and dentists—the fashionable medical world of the city. When 'society' has an ache or a pain it comes here and contributes something towards paying the enormous rents of these houses. Around the corner is the Grand Hotel, one of the largest 'coffee palaces' in Melbourne. Half-way down Collins street are situated two handsome churches, the Scots and the Independent. Below these, on the corner of Swanston street, is the Town Hall. With the exception of the Syd-

ney post office, I think this is, at present, the finest public building in Australia. The main hall is 174 feet long, 74 feet wide and 63 feet high, and at the end of the room, above the orchestra, is the grand organ, an instrument which cost $35,000; it has 80 stops and nearly 4,400 pipes, stands 45 feet high and is 53 feet in breadth. The city organist, Mr. David Lee, gives a recital every week, on Thursday afternoon or Saturday evening. The hall is used for concerts, balls, public meetings, etc. Here, on the 3rd of June, 1891 (on the return of the Countess of Hopetoun from England), a state concert was given by the President of the Council — the invitation reading: "To meet His Excellency the Governor and the Countess of Hopetoun," and I never saw a more handsomely-decorated room. The platform beneath the organ was banked up with ferns and fern-trees, palms and pampas grass, and along the organ gallery were flowers standing in Oriental



FERN-TREE—9 FEET HIGH.

vases; in between, at intervals, were large mirrors draped with India silk. The body of the hall, filled by Melbourne's most prominent citizens in their very best, was a picture in itself. There were several refreshment rooms, some on the ground floor and others in the rooms off the upper corridors, all lavishly provided. Around the hall are life-sized portraits of past mayors of the city. The clock tower, at the south-west corner, is 140 feet high, and at the Swanston street entrance a massive stone portico extends over the pavement. The first stone was laid by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, in April, 1867.

On the opposite side of the street are the offices of the *Argus* and *Australasian*, and of the *Daily Telegraph* and *Weekly Times*. Between Swanston and Elizabeth streets is that portion of Collins street commonly known as the 'Block,'—the fashionable promenade. Along this 'Block' are music shops, jewelers', florists', confectionery and stationers' shops. Between four and six o'clock in the afternoon this place is crowded, and knots of people are to be seen standing before the photographers' windows, and the china and glassware shops, or thronging the doorways

of 'Mullen's,' the favourite bookstore and circulating library. On the other side are some of the principal banks, real estate offices, auctioneers' and outfitting establishments, and the office of the *Age* and *Leader*. Three doors up the street is the entrance to the Yorick Club—'literature and other professions.' It was a comfort to drop in out of the noisy street and to find in the reading-room a quiet corner to read, or rest one's self, for here might be seen what is seldom seen in this busy, bustling city—a man sound asleep in the day-time. The front windows overlook the 'Block,' and thus form a capital place, from which to watch the giddy crowd in the street below; the upper circles circling round the square. And what a changeful kaleidoscope it is! Melbourne in silks and seal skins riding along the road; Melbourne in rags and wretchedness bending beneath a load. Carriages drive up to the curb—fair ladies are assisted to alight—gentleman in silk hat appears—talks about nothing in particular—takes up time—individual in livery comes out with small parcel—blue coat and buff boots on the box—wheels move—ta-ta! Cart stops at the corner—young person in faded garments and apron reaches under the seat

—hat falls off in the mud—man in greasy cap elbows his way out of the crowd—picks up hat—speaks to young person about something evidently of vast importance—horse backs against tram-car —second individual in 'livery' appears—more conversation—'move on!' Now the crowd gathers before a window to gaze on the photograph of some favourite actress or singer; now it stops suddenly, to see the Governor drive past; here the attraction is a collection of exotic or native flowers; there, somebody's diamonds offered for sale. And so the multitude pass by: 'masher' and matchseller, hawker and highflier. The insect throng that moves with one accord, yet is prompted by ten thousand impulses.

On the same street is the Melbourne Club, —frequented by 'squatters' and other fortune-favoured mortals, the Athenæum and the Military. The Australian Club is on William street. Not far from this is Menzie's Hotel, which has a name for being one of the finest in the colonies. There is a large fernery (formerly a court-yard), roofed with glass and furnished with deck chairs; it is 50 feet by 40, and lighted by electric lights in shaded globes. A pleasant spot this, under

the drooping fern-trees, for an hour's lounge after dinner. Scott's Hotel and the Federal Coffee Palace are in the neighborhood, and at the end of Collins street is the Spencer street Railway Station. Between Collins and Flinders streets is 'The Lane,' occupied by large wholesale houses, the very centre of 'business', where there is a general air of importations, stocks, bills and *L.S.D.*

Bourke street, which is a mile long, is the busiest retail street in Melbourne. On it are most of the theatres: The Bijou, Opera House; the Royal, Victoria and St. George's Halls, etc., and at the corner of Elizabeth street the General Post Office and Telegraph Office. A funny thing about Bourke street is that the north side, between Swanston and Elizabeth streets, is the 'swell' side, while the south side is the reverse; the shops on the former close at six in the afternoon, while those on the latter keep open until late at night. Here we find Cole's Book Arcade, one of the sights of the city; it is an arcade 200 feet in length and 40 feet in width, with tables, shelves and drawers laden with books, and music; there are over 1,000,000

books and pamphlets, with 14 miles of shelving and 8 miles of drawers. The building is three storeys high, and the galleries, (in which there are walks extending a third of a mile), are supported by 140 brass pillars. It is open to the public, and anyone may go there and read—all day if he wishes. In the afternoon and evening, in the south gallery, a first-class orchestra discourses excellent music. During the hours when the band plays, one of the galleries is reserved for those willing to pay threepence to avoid the crowd and obtain a comfortable seat. This payment is deducted from the cost of any purchase that may be made. It is estimated that 30,000 people visit the Arcade every week—and no wonder—when reading matter (ancient and modern), chairs, gaslight and good music are provided gratis.

Near by is the Royal Arcade. This is a little street, arched over with glass, running from Bourke street to Little Collins street. It is occupied chiefly by jewellers,' fancy goods, millinery, flower, fruit and toy shops. Down the centre are fern-trees and rows of chairs. It is a favourite rendezvous, for people before they go shopping.

The Royal Theatre is a building, capable of holding a very large audience. It has been celebrated for its gorgeous pantomimes. Nearly opposite is the Opera House, a very old place, but still a favourite with theatre-goers. Farther up the street is the Bijou, one of the prettiest theatres to be found in the colonies, or anywhere else for that matter. It is leased by the Brough-Boucicault Company, who have also a theatre in Sydney. Their plays are of the humorous order, or the lighter drama, such as: 'Caste,' 'The Squire,' 'Dr. Bill,' 'Dandy Dick,' 'Harvest,' etc., and to see this unrivalled little company in any of these, is to see the very essence of finished acting. Mrs. Brough—one of the Company—is a great favourite both in the theatrical and in the social world. The Alexandra Theatre, on Exhibition street, is the place for the good old Irish drama, or the thrillingly sensational. 'The Scout' was played here lately, and drew immense crowds; from May the 9th to the 21st, 1891—28,372 visited this theatre. But the finest theatre in Melbourne is the Princess, on Spring street. It will compare favourably with any in London or New York, while here the plays are even

better 'mounted.' The stage management, the appointments and general 'property' business which we saw in 'The Gondoliers,' in 'The Old Guard,' in 'Cinder Ellen,' in 'Hero and Leander,' or in 'Theodora,' could hardly be surpassed, not to speak of the acting of such stars as Sarah Bernhardt (with her own company); Mrs. Brown-Potter; Kyrle Bellew; Nellie Farren and Fred Leslie (with the gaiety company); Snazelle, Vernon, Gourlay, Elton, Ryley, Leumane, and a host of others. Melbournites are thoroughly play-going in their tastes, though this may be said of the whole colony, for people, especially the young folk, in the up-country towns and on far-away 'stations' know all about what is going on at the city theatres. They are even cognizant of the pieces that are running at the principal theatres in London. Last season the Nellie Stewart Opera Company played 'Paul Jones' for 70 consecutive nights, and the fair Nellie (the manager), never missed a performance, taking the part of the leading character,—Yvonne. Before the Stewart company, Rignold was at the Opera House; Charles Warner at the Royal, and J. L. Toole

at the Princess, so of late Melbourne has not been badly off for histrionic talent. Then in musical circles they had Sir Charles Halé, Normann-Neruda (Lady Halé), Santley, Turner, Annis Montague, etc., and more recently, Ernest Hutcheson, the young and gifted Australian pianist. Besides these, were the regular concerts of the Victorian orchestra held in the Town Hall, and others in the Exhibition building.

On the east side of Swanston street, above the Melbourne General Hospital, is the Public Library, Museum and National Gallery. In front of the façade — of Corinthian pillars, is a statue in bronze of Sir Redmond Barry, one of those who took the greatest interest in founding the institution. The Library contains about 120,000 books, exclusive of pamphlets. In addition to the main reading-room with its galleries, there is the new Barry Hall and the newspaper room. These are all absolutely free in every sense of the word. Strangers may go and seek out any book from the shelves; helping themselves to any, except where certain valuable art works and books on medicine are concerned. The walls of the entrance hall are adorned with

weapons and war trophies from India and from other Asiatic countries. In the first room to the right is a collection of Australian and New Zealand curiosities,—canoes, wooden gods, carved and painted weapons and aboriginal utensils. In the second room are more New Zealand relics and a few implements, with bead work and 'wampum' from the Indian tribes of North America. To the left is a long corridor devoted to beautiful specimens of china and glassware—Dresden, Sèvres, Derby, Majolica, Florentine, Venetian, Bohemian, etc., and beyond this is a compartment in which are Chinese and Japanese curiosities. There is an annex, in temporary use, to exhibit prints, drawings and photographs, and a picture gallery, which is a fireproof building 160 x 40 feet. Here are many valuable oil paintings and water colours, among which are: 'Queen Esther,' 'The Brigands,' Elizabeth Thompson's 'Quatre Bras,' and the latest acquisition,—Waterhouse's 'Ulysses and the Sirens,' This was *the* picture of the year at the Royal Academy, and an immense price was paid for it, but it is an open question if it would not have been more conducive to the encouragement of a love of art

in this new country, with its heterogenous population, had the money been expended to purchase, say, four or five first-class pictures representing a variety of subjects? There is an unmistakable touch of 'colonialism' about this desire to procure the best picture at the best price. And were they satisfied? 'Well, *rather**!' The native Victorians (whether members of the 'Association' or not), who are not satisfied with themselves and their ways belong to a *genus incognitum*. Here are also industrial and technological departments, and a gallery of sculpture, containing excellent statues of Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the Prince and the Princess of Wales, which are the gift of Sir W. J. Clarke, Bart. The main building was opened in 1859, and the Barry Hall in 1886.

The Hospital is a large brick building facing Lonsdale street, and looks gloomy enough to give the patients a relapse whenever they get a view of the exterior, but it is to be removed soon, so they say, as there is not enough ground space, and it is situated too near the centre of the city. There is an 'Hospital Sunday' every year, on

* A common Colonial expression.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, MELBOURNE.

which services are held in the various churches and in the Town Hall, and bands of music play selections in the parks and gardens. The collections received this year amounted to over £6,000, —made up as follows: Church of England, £2,319; Presbyterian, £1,593; Roman Catholic, £719; Methodist, £674; Congregational, £322; Baptist, £307; Australian Church, £179; Church of Christ, £139; Lutheran, £41; Hebrew, £40; Welsh, £36; Unitarian, £31; Bible Christian, £10, and the collections received from the bands, fire brigades, military, societies, open boxes and smaller Sunday schools, £190.

At the corner of Swanston and Flinders streets, opposite one of the railway stations, is St. Paul's Cathedral—Church of England. It is a massive structure, 220 feet in length and 108 feet wide (in the transept). It is built of stone of a reddish-colour, and, when completed, will have three towers. The central spire is to be 260 feet high. The interior is certainly very handsome, but I cannot understand why glazed tiling is used to decorate the lower part of the walls; to me it certainly is suggestive of a bathroom or a lavatory. I was in the city when the cathedral was

opened and witnessed the performance. The ceremony was long drawn out and magnificently ceremonious. But I suppose the 'pomps and vanities' spoken of in the Catechism do not refer to priestly pride or to ecclesiastical pageantry. In the first place about 2,000 'invitations' were issued, and, for the most part, accepted, and there was a demand for more; but as even churches have their limit, the line must be drawn somewhere. Outside of the building, gathered about the Primate, were half a dozen Lords Bishops, the Chancellor and the Dean, and the Canons and Lay Canons of St. Paul's, while the general clergy were there in full force; about these again, the mayor in silk and sables, with the aldermen and the councillors. 'Each member had on his official robes, knee breeches, black silk stockings, buckled shoes, and frills at the throat and wrists, and the Town Clerk wore his wig,' (*vide* morning paper.) At the appointed time they started to march round the edifice, singing as they walked. Just then the Governor drove up, and was received by one of the marshals. When the procession, headed by the lay clerks and choristers two and two, had reached the grand entrance

(south portal), the Bishops 'formed square;' when His Excellency had alighted, and shaken hands all round, Field Flowers, Bishop of Melbourne, "standing upon the top step in the centre, having the Primate and other Bishops around him, between a double row of surpliced choir-boys," knocked with his pastoral staff upon the door, saying: 'Open ye the gates!' The great doors swung open, displaying the beautiful interior, crowded to its utmost capacity, and the white-robed brethren passed within. Thus ended, the *al fresco* part of the programme. It had been all very grand, imposing, and ostentatiously orthodox; but I could not help thinking of another scene, in the far distant past, where the gaping crowds were fewer, and lawn and laces unknown —in the land of Palestine and the little town of Nazareth, nestling amid the hills of Galilee —and I wondered if the stately rituals of this opening could be altogether acceptable to the Meek and Lowly One, who entered the city of David, riding on the humblest of domesticated animals.

When the service was over there was, of course, a dinner in the Town Hall, where the

clerical appetite was allayed with the good things of the earth. Did Englishmen ever celebrate, etc., etc.? 'Why men cannot be friends' (wrote General Gordon in his *Journal*) 'without bringing the wretched stomachs in is astounding. The stomach governs the world.'

Melbourne is particularly happy in its facilities for transport. There is a splendid system of suburban railways, and on nearly all lines trains run during the daytime every 20 minutes. It is an interesting sight to see the crowds pour into the various stations at mid-day or at 6 o'clock in the afternoon. At one time (5.30) the streets will be thronged, and in less than an hour they will be deserted; few people live in the city. Then the cable trams are another great convenience. They are of the same kind as those used in Chicago and in San Francisco. I think there is something very striking in the appearance of these massive machines tearing along the streets and whirling around the corners, the outside seats filled with ladies and children bound for the beach or the park. (The shareholders, though, have not been able to see any beauty in them; the tram returns for November, 1890, were

£50,855; the number of passengers, 4,342,433—and still the business does not pay).

The first week in November—the Race Week, is the great holiday time of the year. For months before 'Cup' day, that race is the chief topic of conversation. The names of all the horses entered are known throughout the length and breadth of Australia; the various 'scratchings' are noted; accounts of the doings of the favourites are eagerly looked for in the newspapers, and on all sides there is a general discussion of 'weights and measures.' To many it is simply a day of gain or loss, bets lost or won. Others—and the majority—go to Flemington for the pleasure of seeing a good race. They take so many 'sovs' with them, and it does not seem to make much difference whether they be lucky or not. To secure enjoyment is the main consideration. And the ladies! Oh! what anxiety these 'Cup dresses' have caused. 'Worth makes the man,' says a witty writer, 'but *Worth* makes the woman, too!' Few more brilliant sights can be seen anywhere in the world than the V.R.C. lawn on Derby day or on Cup day, and certainly no finer course can be found than that at Flem-

ington. The track is as nearly perfect as it can be made. It is a two-mile course, and the race can be seen from start to finish. From the railway station there are two exits, first and second class. The latter is for those who patronize the 'Hill' (the masses), and the former leads to the 'Lawn' and the Grand Stand. The grass on the lawn, having been *swept* and *washed* for days beforehand, is as soft and clean as a Persian Rug, and it ought to be, considering the costly dresses that trail over it on race days. This is indeed the great carnival of the greatest sporting country in the world. Everybody seems happy, from the genial Governor in the vice-regal box to the 'layer' on the Flat. Oh, that noisy Flat! The 'bookies' in the betting paddock are loud enough, but their voices sound faint in comparison with the yells of the gentlemen on the other side of the track — gorgeous individuals in green plush jackets, yellow silk jackets, red print coats, and striped coats, in little hats and big hats with gold bands or streaming ribbons. The Spring Meeting of 1890 was one of the most successful, and when 'Carbine' passed the winning-post, well in front of the other horses, such

a cheer went up as never before greeted a winner of the Cup. It was said that even the unlucky bookmakers 'could scarce repress a cheer,' but that statement may be taken *cum grano salis*. The children of Jacob who show evidence of pleasure at the time that they know they are losing money are not conspicuous by their great numbers. A morning paper thus describes the scene of the race at the finish: 'The Hill roared to the Flat, and Flat to Stand and Lawn. Hats went flying through the air like leaves rent by a September gale. Men leapt and shouted, and women by the hundreds screamed with delight. Up in the wake of the horses flowed the people like flood waves across a barrier, all shouting, all cheering; all, whether winners or losers, full of jubilation and exultation over the greatest victory ever known on the Australian turf.' Both horse and owner were great favourites. The first prize is the Cup and 10,000 sovereigns. This day over 80,000 people were present.

The Derby was won by 'Admiral' and the Cup by 'Carbine,' so it was an Army and Navy year.

One thing is particularly noticeable to those who visit Australia for the first time, and that is the 'English accent,' or rather that of London. The young colonials are decidedly 'twangy.' On the railways, cars are called 'carriages'; freight trains are styled 'goods trains'; the conductor is the 'guard,' and baggage is 'luggage,' all as in England. Pounds, shillings and pence is the currency, and the lowest bank note is for £1. The Melbourne Mint coins sovereigns and half sovereigns.

Next to Melbourne, Ballarat is the principal city in Victoria. It is situated in the 'hill country,' about 80 miles north-west of the capital, and has a population of 40,796. Near this place gold was first discovered in 1851. It was the 'canvas town' of the early days. Sturt street is 198 feet wide; down the centre, dividing it into two roadways, is an avenue of trees, while at intervals statues of Burns, Moore, 'Eight Hours,' etc., ornament the street. But Ballarat's chief attractions are its gardens and Lake Wendouree. The latter is an artificial basin a mile wide, and covers 600 acres. Besides hundreds of small boats, there are about a dozen yachts here and six little steamers.

There are some very fine groups of statuary in the Botanical Gardens, including Benzoni's 'Flight from Pompeii,' which cost $7,500—a magnificent piece of work, which the trustees have very wisely placed under a cover of glass. On the outskirts of the city is the Eureka Stockade Monument, erected on the site of the old mining camp; here in December, 1854, the skirmish took place between the gold diggers and the troops. Ballarat has been aptly termed 'The City of Monuments,' 'The City of Trees,' and 'The Golden City of the South,' all of which names are very appropriate. There are many large gold mines in the vicinity, and great quantities of the precious metal are still brought to the surface, but there is little 'digging' done in the old-fashioned way. The climate here is much colder than in Melbourne; perhaps that has had a stimulating effect on the inhabitants, for I have never yet seen a city of its size that has given greater evidence of public spirit. (Ballarat, with its 40,000, has shown far more enterprise than some Canadian cities with four times the population; her citizens also are more liberal and progressive). One of the 'institutions' of the place is the Old Colo-

nists' Association — the pioneers of the city, they have exceedingly comfortable quarters in their club rooms, on Lydiard street. It is interesting to listen to some of these 'old geezers' as they compare the colony of to-day with that of the 'good old days' and if there is one thing more than another which calls forth sarcastic denunciation from these worthy ancients, it is the sight of a modern 'masher.' And no wonder! when they remember the *men* who built up the colony and then look on their effeminate descendants. I wish I had space to describe the average young 'swell'—colonial; but it would be futile, in a small volume like this, to attempt to portray his many virtues,—his retiring modesty, his sensitiveness and courtesy, his humility in the church and his usefulness to the state. Australia is a delightful country to visit during the summer season;* the people are most hospitable, and do all they can to make it pleasant for strangers; the scenery in the mountain districts and along

* I have noticed that when we have had a very hot summer in Canada, there has been a correspondingly mild winter (June, July, August) in Australia; and that during a severe winter in America, they have had a comparatively cool summer season at the Antipodes. Is not this coincidence a proof that the whole world is affected alike by gradations of heat and cold?

the coast is all that one could wish for; the cities are bright and busy, and the country has a charm of its own; but there is an irritating 'rush' about everything; a 'high pressure' mode of living that ill accords with our preconceived ideas of Australia, its sultry cities and its quiet bush life. 'Speculation' is the watchword of the Colonies, and a spirit of unrest permeates nearly all classes. This is not only true in matters of business; but it is the same in the sporting world; thousands of people are to be found at the Saturday races at Caulfield, and I have seen as many as twenty-five thousand assemble to witness a football match between two suburban clubs.

Although Melbourne is a magnificent city—at the expense of the rest of the colony be it said—yet there is one foul blot on her fair face; there is no proper attempt at drainage. The sewage is either carted away by scavengers or washed out into the streets, whence it is carried by open drains to the river and the bay. Much of this filth lodges in corners and stagnant pools, and is there dried up by the sun. I cannot understand how it is that the city has not been swept by typhoid or other fever. A sum of $50,000,000 has now

been 'appropriated' to construct a system of drainage, which, to be completed, will probably have to be extended to the sea.

Australia may well be proud of her newspapers, daily and weekly. The *Leader* and the *Australasian*, published every Saturday, and *Town and Country*, (Sydney) are grand papers. I doubt if they be equalled by any publication of the kind in any country in the world. The *Age*, the *Argus* and the *Telegraph* are excellent newspapers; the first has a daily circulation of over 107,000.

The railways and the telegraph are under Government control; the former is a 'white elephant'—and a wild one. It has been the cause of more trouble to the Ministerial parties—one after the other — than any other department. The expenses in connection therewith are something enormous. Instead of 'cattle-guards' on the line, such as we have in Canada, there is a paid gatekeeper every few miles; in the cities two men—one with a bell and the other with a flag—walk in front of the slowly-moving engine to warn people. I wonder if they are supposed to be more conspicuous than the ponderous locomotive?

When a train arrives at a country station, it is astonishing to see the small army of attendants who swarm about the platform—and all in uniform of some sort; the station-master's attire is a little more ornamental than that of a sea captain at full-dress parade.

The Victorian Government is supposed to be the most 'conservative' of any in the Colonies; yet the number of free passes that are issued during the year proves it to be thoroughly *liberal!*

CHAPTER X.

BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE.

The Suburban Railway—The Breath of the River Yarra—Glittering Gaslights and Gay Crowds—Eastern Market—Insincerity—Saturday Night—Little Bourke Street—"Good-night."

IT has been said that Melbourne is not properly known till a visit to Bourke street has been made on a Saturday night, so to do the correct thing we will take a stroll through this austral 'cheapside,' and have a peep at its notorious namesake close by.

Leaving "our suburban residence,"—so the city man loves to call his only habitation,—we are soon flying along the line, while the lights of Glenferrie and Hawthorn fall behind and disappear. Outgoing trains pass us with a rush and a rattle; incoming trains on other lines loom up in the darkness, keep us company for a while, and fade again away; bridges, gates and signal-boxes suddenly rise before us and as suddenly vanish in the night, and great, glaring advertising-boards string out on either side like colossal fences, bright enough and big enough

to make the eyes of a patent medicine proprietor glisten with appreciation. The approach to each station is heralded by a hedge-row of advertisements telling us what to eat, to drink and to wear; what to see and what to hear; what to walk in and what to sleep in; what to take for our ailments or where to purchase the newest designs in monumental anaglyptics. The latest thing in dress goods, and a certain celebrated whiskey are sandwiched between pictures of a "monkey brand" and an appeal for charity. Guzzler's Café announces that it is prepared to supply jellies and ices, while Mr. Jones intimates that he is "the only incinerator." With the exception of those larger boards, which completely block the view of the country we do not object to these indicators, for they seem placed there in a good-natured sort of way; but perhaps appears so because we are feeling particularly good-natured ourselves, this evening. It is so pleasant to think that somebody's night-lights are manufactured for the purpose of throwing a subdued shade over our slumbers; or that someone, in the fulness of his heart, is thoughtful enough to encourage

us on our way and strew the path with words of kindness, for at every stopping-place our eyes are greeted with "Good Morning;"—but it is now too dark to see the smaller print; still it must tell of something in the way of good wishes. (or good washes!)

And now we arrive at Prince's Bridge Station. "Keb, keb!" "No, we will walk to-night." "'Erald 'r Stan'ard!" "No, thanks, we are going to read people, not papers." The soft west wind blowing along by the mud banks of the Yarra, laden with the rich odours from the bone-yards and tanneries of Footscray, dallies with its sister—the balmy air about the Flinders-street fish market; thence gathering redoubled *strength* it passes city-ward, and finally sinks to rest, overpowered by the contributions from cess-pools and open drains of Little Bourke street.

We are in Melbourne! "How do we know we are there?" says our 'Mr. Chadband.' "Is it blazoned on the walls and upon the house-tops?" No! "Is it graven on the stones beneath our feet?" No! "Then, my friends, how do we know it?" Because *we can smell it:* because our noses tell us that no other city outside of

Asia possesses such an odoriferous atmosphere !

Crowds are pouring in from every railway station ; the trams are crammed with people, and vehicles of all kinds are doing a brisk business, for this is the gala night of the week. Not only are the sidewalks crowded to overflowing, but the middle of the street is filled with a surging mass ; while in the arcades, music halls and markets there is barely standing room. Everything is bright and noisy ; the shop windows are brilliantly illuminated, for all the gas-jets are burning to-night ; up and down the thoroughfares trams—these 'street-ships' with their colored lights and ringing bells—are running in quick succession ; auctioneers in various places are doing their utmost to attract the attention of the passing crowd, and the sound of music is heard at every block. Above the entrances to hotels, arcades and theatres, transparencies and gas-jets flame and sparkle in crowns and crosses ; stars and garters—symbolic of the "stars" and garters within. Cheap-Jacks are at every corner, but the Eastern Market is the fakir's fair ground ; here in this immense building is a perfect bedlam ; at the front

door half a dozen Hindoo hawkers stand in line with colored silk handkerchiefs and Indian shawls; a little farther on, one of the same race is selling "Turkey-lollie," and beside him is an old negro with matches and shoe laces. Two or three Chinamen flit about trying to dispose of some feather dusters, but, unlike the others, they are quiet and seem timid. Inside, the uproar is nearly deafening. "Here y' are, here y' are; try yer weight for 'penny!" "Only a penny a shot, genl'men, and if y' knock 'em all knock down y' get a shillin'!" says the ninepin man. "Which o' yer 'll 'ave another to try yer luck?" "Which 'll 'ave another t' try y' strength?" come from different quarters where the "strength-testers" are located. Lifting-machines, sledge-hammer-machines, electric apparatus and lung-and-chest-expanders of divers kinds occupy the ground floor, while along the sides are dozens of booths, all of them decorated with little flags painted in the style of the the 'penny Jarley,' and occupied by owners or lessees of shooting galleries, who attract surplus coppers with 'Aunt Sallys,' ice-cream and lollie shops, poultry and fish stalls, and by those who have dogs, rabbits, pigeons

and singing birds for sale. In the galleries and promenade of the second storey are a still greater number of stalls, where may be purchased almost anything that is cheap, useful or ornamental—pictures, toys, glassware and crockery, groceries, ironware, fruit and flowers; in fact, the whole place is one gigantic bazaar—the people's playground. It is the rendezvous of the workingman and of people of the poorer classes, but many others than these come here to look upon the busy scene or to pass away an hour —and not an altogether uninstructive one—for these noisy, hustling, "street-bred" people (as Kipling dubs them), have their honorable places in society, and society — if it be wise — will respect them and their vocations, and not forget the solid loaf in its haste to gather round the upper pie-crust. To us they are like old friends; and although we are making our first visit to the place, we feel that we have seen these forms and faces many times before, and to know them well — they are all children of Dickens. Here, too, is the 'professor' with the 'magical medicine of Mexico,' who expatiates on the wonderful, cure-all powers of his nostrum;

the peripatetic photographer, who declares he can turn out as good work "as any fust-class artis' in the city," and the young man who vends a cement with which he is prepared to 'stick' anything in the world—even his customers. It is a catch-penny show throughout; but then, when we come down to the final analysis, what trade, calling or profession is not? It is only a matter of degree. These people are doing a much more legitimate business than many who are engaged in bigger concerns outside. The art to dissemble is looked upon as an accomplishment not to be ignored by those who would be great, or, rather, who would fill the places of the great. It is the *sine qua non* of the politician, the mask of the merchant, the shield of the ignorant and the seal-mark of society. (Society! what a multitude of incongruous elements is comprehended by the meaning of the word,—if there be any real meaning; how the 'line' winds its tortile way between streets, between houses, betwixt families; what a stretching of the elastic eligibility there is to include one person, and how, in a precisely similar case, the gossamer filament may become a veritable Wall of China to exclude another.)

Artistic lying has become a science; it has a comprehensive nomenclature; diplomacy, policy, *finesse*, form and other Machiavellian terms significant of the plain, English dictionary word —deceit. Insincerity is the most destestable of all failings; it is the foul and fast-growing weed that chokes up the straight path of truthfulness and honour; it is the thief of confidence, the subverter of character. The man who persistently lies about the extent of his business, in the end deceives only himself, and will excite all the less sympathy when the crash come and the truth be known. The woman who greets her hated rival or inveterate enemy with open arms and with kisses; whose perfumed lips pour forth assurance of a welcome (which there is not), stands on the very same level with the loud-mouthed huckster in the back street proclaiming his—"Fish alive, all alive, oh!" (which they are not.) And the young lady who, when writing to her friend, finishes up with "ma joins me in love, etc." (when her maternal predecessor is quarelling with the servant in the kitchen), is only a lesser liar than the ambassador who, on public and convivial

occasions, assures his foreign audience of the 'friendly relations' which exist betwixt their respective countries, when at the time he knows that it is want of money on one side, or men on the other, that alone prevents hostilities. But it is in those mammoth placards and in printed handbills that the exaggerator expands himself to the fullest, that he loses all control over truth in words and figures. One might be inclined to think that the greater number of those who are engaged in mercantile pursuits were actuated solely by a desire for the good of their fellowmen; that they were doing business without profit; that their chief aim were to benefit the general public, and that the "tremendous sacrifices," of which we read, be but the consequential results of the proprietor's magnanimous philanthropy. Still we must not be too hard on the ingenious advertiser. It is not altogether his fault that the sight of an immense rock, or a magnificent tree, suggests to him only the idea of a fine place on which to paste his advertisement. Yet it is more the fault of the times in which we live; in these days of keen competition, if the man in business does not succeed

in attracting and retaining, public attention, he may as well put up his shutters. But what a dull old world this would be without shop windows to brighen it. How cheerful do the streets look on the day before Christmas, New Year's Eve, or Saturday night, and how sombre is their appearance the following day.

It is on Little Bourke street where most of the Chinese live. Here, also, are their shops, laundries, Joss houses, etc., each with its own fanciful sign-board in green, and red and gold, emblazoned with strange-looking characters, and hanging outside of doors which are seldom left open, and above windows that are screened and protected with iron bars. What kind of "Fan Tan," and "Che Fa" work goes on behind these prison-like cages is known to but a few. It is much quieter here than in the next block. With the exception, perhaps, of a band of singers from the Salvation Army, there is little noise heard. During the hours of darkness, there is an uncanny stillness about this wretched little street which gives us the 'creeps' as we pass through.

Returning to the main thoroughfare we find the theatres are becoming empty; and now the

street is gay in gleams of pink and blue, crimson and gold, and white; there is a gentle fluttering of feathers and swansdown; a stronger movement of black coats and buff, and the tide, which has turned, flows stationward again. A dozen trains glide out towards the suburbs; a score of trams are speeding from the city; old gentlemen in smoking-carriages; ancient dames ensconced in comfortable corners; young men and maidens fair, and children nestling down against the cushions, who wish the train could take them to their beds.

The play is over, and now for the pillows.

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